

1885

Hale, Lucretia

Susan Hale

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection

Recommended Citation

Hale, Susan, "Hale, Lucretia" (1885). *Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934*. Paper 14.

http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection/14http://digitalcommons.uri.edu/susan_hale_collection/14

This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Special Collections at DigitalCommons@URI. It has been accepted for inclusion in Susan Hale Collection 1842-1934 by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@URI. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@etal.uri.edu.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Off Progreso.

City of Washington
Friday, March 27th, '85.

Oh my dear! such doings. I wrote about Havana to Anne Bursley and she will impart it to you, her letter will go same mail as this; for now I am full of other matter and can't repeat about that.

We got off from Havana Tuesday night and sailed along peacefully Wednesday. It is perfectly lovely, so balmy and warm, but not too hot. I have shed all possible petticoats, but am not too warm in my jersey or eke green cloth basque, and you on deck would want all your wraps. We miss our lively Keatings and the Grays who left at Havana; and we are, now, the only persons of distinction on board. We took over at Havana a strolling troupe of actors bound for City of Mexico, a filthy set, but these I will leave till later, in case there is room to depict them to you. For at dawn Thursday we came to anchor opposite Progreso,--but when I searched for it it was nowhere to be seen, being only a low long line of sand and palm trees, five miles off. The Gulf is so shallow here we can come no nearer, and the water is all a light cobalt green, from the coral shining up from its not far off bottom, where sharks are swarming. They had one almost caught yesterday but I haven't seen any yet. While I was yet dressing, the unusual Nathan was thumping at my door saying we would go ashore at once. Unusual, for he is generally in bed till noon; and he is exactly like Charles in thinking it is best not to do any of the things we came for; but on this occasion, being on the alert, he found or imagined all the rest of us behindhand. I had barely time to bolt a second cup of coffee and a squalid biscuit, before we were hustled into the boat to go ashore. Believe me, you were much in my thoughts on this and later occasions as you will see, "how thankful Luc would be she isn't here." The boat was a great thing about 4 times as big as the Weedon's family boat, and manned by native "warragy-warragys" who remind me much of our worthy Arabs; they are about as brown and shining, with good faces, beards and lots of shocky straight black hair. These Yucatanese are a finer race than the present mixed Mexicans. They wear a simple shirt, white, generally not very dirty, worn over the equally simple white trowser, which is apt to have a barn-door near the seat or at the knee. These shirts fly up and show their nice brown backs, and sometimes a great knife they wear at their waist. They all carry nice handkerchiefs in a side pocket, and blow their noses like Christians. A straw hat of this shape surmounts them, (picture) and their feet are bare. Now, you know, this ladder was away up here and the boat down there, and there was a goodly straddle for me to get in, aided by the brown skipper, (picture) but when it came to the Lambs Thompson, who are callow to a degree it was worse. About a dozen came along, and then the Captain, a noble fat stout friendly man, himself came down the steps with the Thompson Baby done up in a grey blanket shawl. It was a noble sight. The parents were so absorbed in orienting themselves that they let who would take the child, which came into the arms of an insufferable young Jew Dude with a hook-nose and red lips. So we pushed off from the ship on a fateful voyage. The Captain didn't come with us, only handed on the child. The Thompsons are newmade Consuls to Merida, by the Grace of Senator Hoar and Stephen Salisbury. Merida is about 25 miles inland from Progreso, its Port,--and the Purser and the

rest thought we had better go up to Merida in the 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ train, see the country and sights, and get back in time to sail at 5 p.m. But ah! the very strong wind was adverse, and we tacked and tacked and seemed never to reach the shore. Two hours we sailed and sailed. It was lovely really, a strong wind, light green waves, and gliding swiftly along, but nobody had had any breakfast, several were sick, the Thompson baby bawled, and all kept looking at their watches. I was well and happy, talking German with a Philadelphia Dr. the image of Tyndale,--French with another man, Spanish with the Brown helmsman, for my Spanish is really coming out glorious. About halfway we heard the toot of the ferro-carril, and shortly after, saw the smoke of the locomotives! Alas the train was lost. When we came close to the shore we were a good mile from Progreso, and the worthy boatman furled the sails, and poled us slowly along to the iron pier of the town. At last we alighted on the glaring pier, and white sand; but now all became merry. A Consular Agent! of the regular type came to meet Thompson (I felt so much more competent to his business than he was, and in fact the Agent sort of adopted me at once and we told Thompson what to do. He is only 28, and it's hard to imagine Ramer Weedon with less knowledge of the world.). We all walked along the Railroad to the "Casa de la Marina" a Restaurant where we were to breakfast.

Progreso is a perfectly modern town clustered about the Custom House. It looks like Ramleh, or any of the Zagazigs. Just one long street of crude board houses painted blue or pink with red flattish roofs, projecting to make shade on the side walk; no carriages, and bright patches of a green running sort of mimosa with yellow blossoms overrunning the road-way. We passed through the market which was a touching market, so few things; sort of fruits spread about, dried tamarinds, and strange things, all the buyers and sellers seemed to be the same people,--as they would be in a charade; the ladies at the long tables a lovely brown delightfully clad in one garment of white cotton cut square in the nick, and descending below the knee over some ~~part~~ of white petticoat. (picture). The neck and bottom were sweetly embroidered by hand with red or gay colours. I must have one of these slieves. Their brown necks, arms and feet shone out from the white and all wore necklaces or rosaries of gold or red coral beads. Then they all had blue scarfs that they wound about their heads when they came out in the sun.

Our restaurant was just opposite, and I began to sketch. One pretty little girl was pushed forward, and stood well while I did her hastily. The rest of the population (6000) all came round and looked on. Some time later, they came and brought me to the same little girl again, who had now bedizened herself more, and had a live bug hung in front of her, which I added to the picture. It was a pleasing beetle about an inch long of a spotted description. All this while we were waiting for alumezo which was to be at las oncas (11), Mrs Thompson nursing the baby in the strange tropical oriental room, white-washed with wide iron-grated open windows against which the natives flattened themselves,; the beams of the ceiling were painted blue; at the back was a sort of patio with a bogus kind of fig tree in it, a well like a sakkia and a monkey roder-ing round. (Picture). Mrs. Thompson the angular typical Cape Cod schoolmarm with no end of presume and commence about her, a high forehead veiled for the moment by painfully false little curls, and sallow grey eyes,--to condense her description; but worthy, oh very worthy.

She has understood from Mr. Salisbury that the Society of Merida is very pleasing, but that it will be best to do nothing to interfere with their religion, which is strictly Catholic.

Now we sat down to a most welcome Mexican meal. Nathan with a good deal of flourish installed Thompson at the head of the table. We had a dozen courses all good, all new, the fish about half way along, as in Spain. The motley company was full rejoiced to be fed.

Afterwards we walked about the town but it was sandy, glaring, and absolutely nothing to see. We sat in the shade of an awning, and made some little purchases of an amiable brown crone who had a few things to sell spread out on the ground. Soon I concluded to take a room or cuarto at the Hotel, a modern ramschakle plank building painted blue--the stairs outside like our shed stairs. The room was bare with no window but the door, which opened on a sort of piazza. They brought a hammock which they hung from corner to corner, and cold water in a blue tin jug and basin. My hammock was resting, but the Thompson baby was yelling next door. I rose up and sketched the very odd view of thatched huts, the Gulf, and cactuses. Then they came & said it was time to go. We took an ultimate farewell of the Lambs Thompson who were to go in the p.m. to their Merida; and we returned to our boat,--same one.

My dear!--the wind was blowing fiercely, the waves were (picture) We made a bee-line for the ship, but the water dashed in unrestrained. In half an hour we were all wet to the skin; huddled together with our noses close to the sail, and all but me very much inclined to be sick; finally we reached the ship, a sudden turn we had to take made every passenger but Nathan and me, throw up in the very middle of the boat. A hideous scene, and there we were bobbing up and down under the ship, which seemed absolutely unattainable. (Picture) This was the way it seemed; actually hopeless. However they made fast with strong ropes; the purser came down the steps, advising and scolding; then began that game of ups and downs you know, the great waves swooping us one minute far above the landing-step, then taking us down far below. The make-believe Tyndale and all the rest who had all just been horrid sick crowded to the front, Nathan and I remained calmly in the stern; 'twas pitiful to see the poor creatures clutch at the railing, miss it, and tumble back into the boat; somehow they got shovelled or hustled up, then it came my turn; I advanced with a beating heart but sure I could do it. No one touched me, there was no use. I seized just the right moment to seize the iron rail, in a second I was all right on the landing; of course my gown was in the way so I had to kneel there a second, but the Purser seized me and led me up the gangway, saying, "bravo, Miss Hale, you did it better than any of them." So, covered with glory and dripping with wet; my red ribbons staining gloves, bands, etc. with crimson gore, I gained the deck and staggered to my state-room, gave all my clothes to the stewardess, put on my night gown & fell into a well deserved berth. I was soon rested, and we had a merry dinner, only the Longfellows, although rejoicing in their superior wisdom in not going, had had a gloomy day, & were much disgusted with the noisy theatre-troupe, so were grumpy, i.e. Mr. Ernest, for she is always sweet & silent. I wouldn't have missed Progreso for anything. We are still lying here, as the freight is not all out.

Yr. S.

P. S. I avail myself of this space to say that this Hold now contains 114 murderers just removed from the prisons of Merida to be scattered at Vera Cruz. The officers of the ship regard them as harmless. They are below the hatches and not allowed to come up.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Morelia, Sabado, April 10, 1885.

Dear Luc, Can it be I haven't written since Mexico? It seems an age, and I must fill the gap,--only 4 days really. It is raining! a thing as unheard of in the morning in this country, as that rain which met us at Cairo. # # # # #

The fact is, we are just in the fringe of the rainy season, perhaps I have said before, the whole land looks parched and waiting. It is the autumn of this climate, and in a month the rains will begin and last six months. But even then, they say, it is always pleasant in the morning, only raining after 4 o'clock and through the evening, making everything lush and delicious, flowers everywhere rampant, the mud the only objection,--but that so extreme that cargadores carry you across the streets and charge a real for doing so, in the City of Mexico. # # # # #

Now I must tell about the trip and this place. The Railroad from Mexico is the "National," narrow guage, and built by Yankee enterprise, the capital, I believe, chiefly from Boston. It is only two years old, the Conductors and all the employees,--Yankee,--are immensely proud of it, and being all superior people, perform their functions like lords of the earth, and are our chief instructors, guides, and companions, all devoted to Mr. Church, and introduced to us by him with perfect respect & equality, as if they were sort of proprietors, hosts, showing us their estates. Mr. Church is perfect in such relations. It makes all these people ready to do their best for him. Thus Mr. Purdy, the Superintendent of the line, took the Cs (last time) in his own private car, which was switched off at Lake Cuitzeo for a couple of days and while Purdy and friends rode off on horseback shooting, the Cs lived in the car (staterooms, cook, etc) on the shore of a lovely lake where there is no Hotel, or even town.

So as soon as we were off, Mr. Coppock the gentlemanly conductor, was introduced all round, shaking hands, and then he got campstools for us to sit on the rear platform and see the views. The line is a fine piece of engineering. We went up and up, worming round through cuts and over tressles, to the Cima, which is 10,022 ft. above sea-level; then we began to descend, but Toluca where we stopped for the night is over 8000ft; as some of us said,--if Mount Washington were put down by us, we shouldn't see the top of it as it would be under ground. The scenery was very fine, the near hills brown and sere, but dotted with evergreens, and snow capped peaks appearing on the sky. Somewhere about sunset, which was cloudy but gorgeous, greys and orange crimsons,--burst in Carter, an amazing character, but I think I must put in a pin at him, and go on with the journey.

It was pitch-dark when we got to Toluca. Swarms of cargadores came into the car and seized our small luggage,--every man for herself is the only way we can manage; I engaged a small muchacho for mine, & told him to stick to me sola, there is so much danger of losing things in the dark. My effects are the Valise and my yellow shawl-strap,--(the horseblanket). We all met in the horse-car, which was about filled with our effects,--and rode to the town, Carter with us. Such a time at the Hotel! We got into a great Patio,--oh immense, like the Music Hall open to the sky (this is exaggerated) and swarmed upstairs, the whole population of Mexico bearing our

things. Mr. C. had telegraphed for cuatro cuartos con seis camas, (4 rooms with 6 beds) but the message got mixed and there were 3 rooms with 6 beds, and one of these rooms was only an adjunct to the Church's, with no window in it, and a door opening into theirs. There were lots of people all talking and advising, pitch dark except for one small candle borne by a muchacho of about 9 years. We all went round and round the corridor, (like the 1st balcony Music Hall), my cargador with valise & strap tagging after me, Long-fellows, Nathan with their much more numerous cargadors tagging after them. We shed the Churches at their room, & the Ls at theirs, but still seemed to be going round and round. At last I seized on the apparently head man & showed him that I had no cuarto. Light seemed to burst on him, all the cargadors and me (as if I owned all the luggage) swarmed round and round some more and turned up again at the dark room leading from the Churches, which he again offered to Nathan & me! It was like a lurid dream. The fool Antonio (valet pro. tem. to Churches) has no sense as an interpreter. I now wrestled with the right man, & soon had a nice though remote room given me,--Nathan's next door. The little muchacho buzzed and leaped about gleefully distributing our hand things,--as I was the only one he could talk to, he kept coming to me. Once with sparkling eyes he described as somewhere below a paraguas blanco, was it mine? As I knew it to be Ernest L's, I sent for it; found the muchacho had seen it in Ernest L's bedroom, & went there to seize it for me, much to Ernest's wrath. It was all very funny, so dark with the one candle;--all this like getting to Zag-a-zig or Jaca, cut loose from the conventions of large cities. # # # # #

Toluca was only to break the long journey. We were off & in the train again at 9½ a.m. and rode and rode till 9 in the evening, pretty long & fatiguing, for the seats in the narrow guage car are somewhat cramped. Still the scenery was fine, down-grade, passing the lake Cuitzeo, 18 miles long, which has pink flamingos, storks, etc. soaring about it (we didn't see one) & getting back to Maguey plants, made of tin and painted green, and just the same as the aloe of Spain. It was dark when we got to Morelia. Same game over again with Cargadores and horse-car. Put at this Hotel every thing was ready for us. A Row of rooms adjoining, mine opening into the Churches, Ls next, then Nathan, and here we settled down tranquilly for a week or so.

Morelia, 6000 feet up, is conceded by all the people I have seen, as the most characteristic Mexican city accessible to ordinary travel. The R. R. has only lately invaded it and it keeps the original customs of it still. It was founded by Mendoza in 1537, by permission of Queen Juana, & her son Charles V--and named Valladolid by Mendoza after his birth-place. It is therefore a pure Spanish town, but the inhabitants then & now are just the nice Montezuma Indians. The Cathedral was built by and by; it is the center of the State of Michoacan, the governor lives here etc. In 1828, the name was changed to Morelia in honor of the Patriot Morelos, who was born here 1765, hero of Independence, organised the revolution, shot in 1875. I have a little book all about the city, & it will make a fat piece of F. F. The Churches love it on account of its perfect climate (which has only slipped up today for the first time ever) and its great picturesqueness. There is sketching enough for a life-time. But it is a regular built-up town. As in Spain, I have to divest myself of our idea of country-life. In fact that seems to be so everywhere. The City like all the Mexican ones was

laid out by Spaniards in this (picture) way,--with plazas and Alamedas in the environs. Nothing could be better for tram-ways you see. Each town has one running, with mules tandem, from the station through the principal street to the other end where the paseos are. The houses are 2 stories high, shops below, us above. Every house is a sort of rind round a patio; down there are arches, horses, dogs, great tank of running water, a banana tree, an orange tree, a cypress and an ash-tree. (Picture). These all come up and overhang and shade our corridor, which is wide enough for Pedro to live in it, round loose, with a Tarape, a straw mat and a few pottery jugs to comfort him. I don't believe he ever undresses, but wanders round in a gloomy manner, blacking boots, fetching coffee, waking people for the early train, and making the beds. This is not a Hotel, i.e. there is no restaurant, only Rooms. We go to another place which is only a Cafe for Breakfast (at 12) and dinner (7) and we pay by the day there, & they send a muchacho with coffee in the morning, at an hour to suit each person. We go past the Cathedral, under Portales,--arcaded streets under cover with booths to sell all sorts of dulces, to get to our place, where we dine in a room opening on a Patio. There are picturesque churches, all over town, (churriguesque, 17 century, with tiles & colour about them) and a most amusing market,--but the joy of Morelia is the Alameda at the end, where a great aqueduct on arches winds about among a forest of ash-trees, cypresses and wild garden roses, sweet violets and all delicious plants, a most enchanting decayed spot of infinite variety.

The street below our balconies is most amusing with donkeys, natives, strange doings,--I will describe all more in next letter, for we shall be here some time. # # # #

Churches & I are reading aloud Nadillao about the Old Civilizations of North America, Toltecs, Aztecs, etc., etc. and expect to keep on having a very happy time. # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Still Morelia,
Sunday, April 19, 1885.
Full Band playing hard by.

Dear Luc--

We have been having a lovely week just settled down in this place, which was the result of many divers plans for laying out the time. # #

Then Tuesday Mr. Church and Mrs. Church both fell ill with divers diseases, and we had Dr. Francisco Iturbide come, who speaks only Spanish;--so dictionary in hand, I explained each of the patients to him in turn. Mr. C. would say "tell him that Mrs. C. so and so." "I want to," I replied, "only I don't know how." The doctor is young, tall and very grand with dark eyes and much manner, and we all made merry over the difficulties. He ordered sundry medicines, one a small amount of liquid which came in a huge green glass bottle because there are no small bottles in Morelia. The Cs have now got well over their ailments, which indeed were not serious. The Dr. came 4 times, but I was out sketching twice. I formed a sort of habit of having my coffee early and getting off to the Alameda where the subjects are delightful for sketching. I can't help thinking how infinitely more so than all the Vevays, Interlakens, etc. of Switzerland, and eke the North Conways & Bethlehems of our own land. For everything here is sketchable, as soon as you get out of the middle of the town, where it would be not quite agreeable to sit. Well, one of these days when I was waiting for mi caro (horse-car) I looked in to a delicious Patio, and asked permission to step in. The people were most friendly, and said I might come back to draw there. Two days elapsed--but when I went the next day, the family all swarmed out to do me honour, spread a mat under my feet, brought 2 chairs & a round table, and urged me to ask for more things. It was a superb Bourgainvilliers vine, don't you know, here called "Camelina", which I undertook. One or two gentlemen of the house came and talked a little very rudimentary English, "Do you find well Mexico?" "Not has such a flowers to United States." and the like,--nurses held babies, the young Senorita of the house went and played a tremendous fantasia on a piano;--they let on a high fountain in the court for me to see.

All this rather delayed the sketching, but after a time they got settled down,--and betook themselves to their avocations, such as gabbling to the children & ordering the mozos. I heard the old lady direct one to cut a Ramo of the camellina for me, and after much dictating,--to be sure to get a good one,--he clomb a ladder to the very top and cut a branch which they brought me as tall as I am (truly) and one mass of magenta blossoms all its length. I wish I could get it home. Then the younger Senorita brought a great bunch all of the most splendid floppy roses, yellow, white and pink with great leaves, deliciously sweet. I got on pretty well with my sketch which I can finish at home, but I had to fly to mi caro, with very inadequate thanks to all.

In the car, my great Ramo which took up about the whole of it, excited the attention of two worthies, the only occupants, and they talked to each other about it and then to me, and they said their camellina on the other side of the Alameda was more beautiful even than ~~that~~ the one I had been doing; so as they seemed so well in-

formed I ventured to ask who my kind hosts were who had given me mine; and they said-----what do you think?! that this was the casa di campo of the Padre and Madre Iturbide. "What!" said I, "of Dr. Francisco Iturbide?" "Yes," said they--now wasn't it very odd. For when these relatives come to describe the event to Francisco he will know all about the Senorita from the Hotel Michoacan. There was another odd thing about one of these Senoritas of the caro, that when she just said Buenas dias all her teeth leaped from her mouth, so I suddenly looked away, while she pressed them back again. When I alighted at our door with my great rosy branch and great bunch of roses, Mrs. Church was much amazed and still more at the relation. But we have seen no more of the Chickabiddys as it is most convenient to call them.

All the conductors are very friendly. Of course my brown hat and spotted gown, & my sketching basket which greatly surprises them, have become familiar now to all the little town. An old Hidalgo who looked as if he was a direct though ragged descendent of the conquistadores fetched me water in my bottle one day. He was gone a long time, when he came with it, 'twas evident somebody had washed it all out, to have the aqua bright & clean. That day I had hurried home because Mr. Bassimaguro or some such name was to take us to a church rarely visible, with an old altar of gold, very beautiful, and reminding me of Granada, and many Spanish ones. Otherwise, here, the interiors of the churches are but tawdry. You know Mexico has overturned the Church as much as possible, sequestrated the property and abolished the convents (this hotel was one). But still Morelia (contrary to the City of Mexico) is full of superstition and faith, and the churches are at it constantly. As for the bells, it beats all. The Cathedral near us, has 40 bells, and all of them ring most of the time, though one, the biggest of all, we haven't heard, as it only sounds once a year.

One day we were reading in our room here,--Mrs. Church cried, "Look!" from the balcony I saw every person down in the street kneeling with bowed head. It was because a carriage (a common hack) drove by with the host in it--lighted candles were inside, the horses were white and the driver had his hat off. Every person kneeled all the length of the street and they turned on their knees to face the carriage as it receded. The Churches were driving one day and all the little children in one place out in the country kneeled & crossed themselves, we don't know why. That was the day I was in bed. The drive was so lovely we repeated it the next day, and got out for a sketch of the distant town; it was perfectly fascinating there, a barren sort of plateau covered with cactus and stray jackasses all around, remote, high mountains, the town dark below the p.m. sun, very picturesque with domes & towers. # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Letter VII, and
last from here.

Cindad, Mexico, April 27, '85.

Dear Luc.--Between the drops I must manage to write once more. It is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ a.m. now, my bonnet on, we are waiting for Mr. Purdy's carriage which is to drive us out to Chapultepec. Mr. Purdy, as I may have mentioned, is the Great Man of the National R. R. He & Mrs. P. have just gone down to Morelia, leaving their open carriage at our disposition. Nice of them.

Tuesday morning, my head swimming with the Rail of Monday, I went out with Mrs. Janvier. You see the Js although they live at the Comonfort, in 5th of May Street, feed at our Restaurant here; and they drop up and spend a good deal of time with us. # # # They are just as kind as they can be, and anxious to help us in every way. Mrs. J. is fond of cats, she showed me a great many in door-ways. The Cats of Mexico are so choyes and well treated, they have no fear, but let you pat them, and share the politeness of the country by rising and humping their backs with a sort of hospitality. They are generally camel or pincushion on the door-step or counter. She had a word to say to her dressmaker, whom we visited at a very funny place which would astonish Miss Bolger. A shop close on the street had a small counter behind which was the modiste. On one side was a long low table where about 10 Indian sewing women were cutting & basting and passing the scissors, they were dark brown with their black hair braided in two tails down their backs. Right in the doorway, another was trimming with white lace a lilac silk gown on a dummy figure,--and hard by another woman was basting the facing on a skirt over an ironing-board. The double-door of the shop was wide open to the street with dust, dogs and din coming freely in.

We all rested Tuesday p.m. and that evening had a rather grand dinner for Nathan's last, with Champagne. # # #

That day was an exciting one for me, because Dr. Holmes's letter came and all my people were very sympathetic and congratulating about it. Nathan's letters also had reference to the Memoir, and it all seemed such a relief to have it turn out at all well. We were all in good spirits, and one thing after another happened that was pleasant. # # # # #

Wednesday evening we went to the rooms of Young Segur, who played Mexican airs to us on the piano. They are very charming, and I want to have some of the music. Like Spanish, but with an added minor, melancholy flavour, as if the Montezumas had got into them. You see Young Segur and Mr. Janvier are employed on a Newspaper here, or were, but Young S. is going home with us for a time.

On Thursday we were off for Miraflores, the Longfellows decided to spend the day at Amecameca, at the foot of Popocatepetl, so we all met at the same train. This is a different Railroad, very poorly managed by a Mexican Company, the Morelos road; in consequence the waits at every station were something terrible. At one I bought and eat a tomali, very hot with chili;--afterwards the Robertsons told us that the Ayotti tomalis were supposed to be made of the meat of donkeys. A good tomali is a very good thing. It is done up in a husk of green corn, very hot from the oven, and consists of indian meal or rice very hot with chili, and a small chunk of some meat concealed near the end of it. At La Campana we left the

Longfellow and took our Tram which led to Miraflores, and here Emily's letter will describe our lovely visit. # # # #

I forgot to say that Wednesday I think, Mr. & Mrs. C. and I had a nice time at the Museum here seeing Aztec Remains, all that there is left interesting, it was fascinating, & we were well prepared for it by Nadaillac's book which I had read to them at Morelia.

We found Saturday night that Reginald Grey and his sister had arrived (See 1st voyage letter; they left us at Havana) and it seems they are own cousins of the Janviers, who are tending them! They live at the Iturbide, but take their meals here. So Sunday morning, the expedition planned for me by the Janviers, included them. It was to start early and float up the Viga, or canal, which leads to the city from the distance, & has done so since ancient days--all the fruit etc. is brought to town over it by Indians, and tis lovely--planted with trees, and flowers on the banks,--we went in a rude sort of boat with an awning, poled by an Indio. (Picture). There are villages on the banks, which reminded me much of those on the Nile, only ruined churches instead of mosques--we visited two of these villages--at one were the "chinampas" or floating gardens Cortez used to see, but they don't float any more, for the Roots have grown down to the truly bottom. Got home to a late lunch, full hungry, and drank lots of Pulque, which is a very mild rather unpleasant beverage like sour cocoanut-milk, but cheap and filling, & very good for Mrs. Church & me. # # # #

And now we are back from lovely Chapultepec, where the old cypresses weep grey moss for the fall of the Aztecs. # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

(Be careful in showing this, on account of sarse.)

S. S. City of Puebla
Saturday, Feb. 27th, 1886.

Dear Luc.

Each in my little cell forever laid, I now undork my inkstand, & proceed to write you, with that agreeable smile on my countenance caused by donkeys and sea-life. We have had hell's weather till now, so that writing was impossible, but before I begin on that I will strive to write my adventures up to time. # # #

On Wednesday, I wrote my last Art-Notes for the Globe. You will see them Sunday; wrote millions of last letters; wound up Lend a Hand as far as I can, and wound up all the Putnam business,-- among other things, reducing a Map of Spain to the dimensions of our book was one,--and then packed Alles. # # #

Thursday, the day of departure, it poured. Philip came & said goodbye about breakfast time, the Express took away my trunks at 10;--I calmly made feather-stitch on a bag Molly is wrestling with till 12, when Mary and I climbed into a Hansom, & drove all the length of N. Y. to the Pier. By a neat device of my own, that of really thinking, the S. S. went at 1, we reached here at half past that hour, and as it didn't go till 3, I had lots of time. I think I will now pause and eat a pear.

It was pouring sheets, and the deck was untenable. Margy left me; I had beer and crackers & cheese in my cabin, made acquaintance with the Jods and Joddies. Ira came and made a little farewell call,--a basket of delicious fruit from John Marquand. Then the other passengers began to fripper in, the same old game I have watched so often.

And amongst them came the Ernest Longfellows. Did you ever! # # #

I have scarcely seen her as yet, she has been in her stateroom, like every other woman on board except me. I ought to say she gave me 3 great Jack roses, one of which perfumes my nose at this moment.

I am at the Purser's table. He is a beauty, looks like the man who acted Henry V. He invited me to sit there, and also included Dr. Gross and Mrs. G. who is Grace Revere. You remember his marrying her some ten years ago. He is a Dr. in Phil. of some importance. He is very jolly, just the kind I always have on board, and we are very lively together. Ernest with Mrs. L. and the Miss Sharp who is with them (without any of her people) are poked off at a remote table. # # #

Very well. It was cold, rainy, and very rough. I went to bed at 6½, being tired out. Such a night! The old thing rolled like any Cunarder. All my things sailing about the floor, and great swashes coming in through the closed port-hole on my boots! The side of the lower gangway was stove in, shutters and dead-lights smashed, as you still may see by stepping out there, and all night long the china and glass came crashing down at intervals in the dining-room just outside my cabin. For it is fixed that way, like our P. and O. steamer going from Marseilles.

A merry night! and I must confess to horrid qualms. I don't know why, except that I had been rather irregular about my food.

In the morning, it was still more rough and rolling; the far famed bath wouldn't run, the coffee was (and is) a loathesome decoction. It was a desperate business getting dressed and up,--and then there was nothing to do, no place to go. The whole ship reeked with sights, smells and sounds of the sea-sick. Not a woman about, except a rosy-cheeked young passenger who didn't seem to feel anything. I concealed my very unpleasant feelings, & kept up my reputation for a good sailor,--but for the first time in my life, I avoided the breakfast-table! and stayed in a tolerably dry open doorway where the sight of the rampaging waves was fine. There were only 5 passengers (out of 31) about; one of them was the Bore ----- who came and bored, till I fled back to my ill-smelling stateroom, and took to my berth where I read Ouida till lunch-time. I then thought myself of a pint of Champagne which brought me round in a twinkling, wish I had thought of it before. I went to sleep, & woke up perfectly right, ate a ferocious dinner at 4, and have been well ever since. The wind went down at sunset; today it is lovely; we are crossing the Gulf-stream, an awning on deck, and soft fleecy clouds on the blue; folks beginning to crawl out. I have learned my Meisterschaft, and am writing all this time in my stateroom, feel perfectly well, and very happy, to be free from the fear of Proofs to correct!

Monday, March 1st---This must be wound up, for we reach Havana today, earlier than last year. Yesterday I wrote to Anne B. and you can exchange letters with her when you meet. I had a lovely day spending it most of the time in my cabin with the window open. Towards evening the smell of the land all sweet with summer growth came across from Florida, and the evening was delicious on deck, no wraps needed, fine sunset, gorgeous great Orion sparkling overhead. There is a man named -----on board, self-made who loves to describe the process. He is really very agreeable though he talks about himself all the time. -----is very jolly when he is, the man however is dyspeptic, & very low in his mind off and on. She is a funny result of Philadelphia upon Boston, the puritanic and stiff customs of the former overlaid with Philadelphia prunes & prism. She is quite bright like all Reverses, but oppressed by decorum, & very unhappy because the fringe below her back-hair won't curl in this air. Mine will, so I am all right.

I shall begin to write again as soon as I get this off. Hope for a chance to sketch tomorrow.--My baths are delicious now, clear and salt, with coffee directly afterwards by the open window. The voyage seems terrible short. I go to bed at 8 and sleep till 7. Lots of love, from

Suse.

there is to Cuba at every stage of the
trip. My book ^{7.7.} goes from hand to hand,
for I brought a copy; and indeed it
is the best guide-book there is yet.
So through the night we sailed and
sailed, and this morning when I took
my bath the long low land was in
sight about 3 miles away.

T.T.T.

the water between, my dear pale green
cobalt, with streaks of purple - and
then the warrafys came
hurrying out in their
wing-and-wing lighters. We stopped;
and they swarmed up the side, just
as delicious as last time. A man
came on board with Camaleones - the
beasts tied round the wrist,
and Miss Sharp bought one; -
as Mrs L. dislikes him, he
is living in my cabin, and now has
gone into the pocket of my green gown.
Then the tortoise shell man came, and
we bought hairpins. I bargained in
Spanish, & beat him down from \$1.50
to 3 for \$2.00 which was reasonable
as they are got big ones. It is tranquil
now except for the thumping of cargo going
in and out. We shall get off I suppose
before sunset.

II. 1.]

Thursday, March 4. '86.

Off Progreso: Yucatan,

My dear Luc, but not willing over
the waves trying to get there, for
it seemed the part of wisdom to
stay quietly on board, since there
was not even so much chance
as last year to catch the train
and go up to Merida. I for one
swanted to do it, for it would
have been merry to go and see
little Master Thompson arch-
atloping, his wife marring, - and
his small child of last year
grown up by this time. But they
all decided it was useless to
attempt it, and just for Progreso.
I didn't much care, though perhaps
we shall sail on there by and by.
Since Havana we have shaken down
with a piece of intimacy all round
which is very pleasant. I wrote
Carry Bunsley a joyful account of
my quiet day on board, while all the
rest sight-saw in Havana. They

all returned in the liveliest spirits
towards evening, even Ernest quite
happy, chiefly in thinking what a
mistake I made in not being
with them. As I was ^{tambien} perfectly happy
from this cause, we were quite even.
Every body had met every body in
shoe. Most of them came near seeing
a murder between two Cubans which
didn't come off, and this made
them all very intimate, arm stiff
Mrs Ross went a little, although
she thought the town very nasty.
So we up anchor, and came out
of the harbor just at the most
exquisite time, and certainly the
view of the receding island at sunset
is one of the really beautiful scenes
of the world.

Since then, which was Tuesday evening
but seems ago, we have been gliding
along, in perfect weather, no wraps, &
summer clothes, running out to the
bows to see sharks, porpoises &
flying fish, dawdling in ship-chairs
on deck, or seeking solitude in cabins.
I had a nice day in mine yesterday
It was cooler than on deck where they
were growling at the heat. I took in

my brown portfolio under the awns,
read a lot of Spanish, and finished
Quidás Maremno. — I had a loathing
of the pen, which has luckily left
me today.

I am getting rather fond of little Miss
Sharp, for she is good-natured under
trials I had to endure last year,
viz: waiting round for Mrs Langfellow.
She is up early mornings but has to
sneak round till 9 or 10 for breakfast,
and the Ss don't approve of coffee in
the state-rooms. Sargent the fore. too,
behave very gentlemanly and obliging.
Dr Goes is moody and dyspeptic &
lead his wife a life of it; but she
is absolutely bornée, and I hate the
sound of her voice. There are an English
couple on board, who are very friendly.
She paints in ivory, and admires my
sketches. The joke on them is that
the man, hearing of mosquitoes, asked
"if they make a very large wound?"
They are travelling for pleasure, from
New York, from Mexico & Canada.
I am the Nestor of the ship, for all
come to me for advice about their route,
Ernest being so utterly glum that they
see from his terrible picture of the agony

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Thursday, March 4, '86.
Off Progreso, Yucatan,

My dear Luc, but not broiling over the waves trying to get there, for it seemed the part of wisdom to stay quietly on board, since there was not even so much chance as last year to catch the train and go up to Merida. If we could I wanted to do it, for it would have been merry to go and see little Master Thompson archalologing, his wife marming,--and his small child of last year grown up by this time. But they all decided it was useless to attempt it, and just for Progreso I didn't much care, though perhaps we shall sail over there by and by. Since Havana we have shaken down into a friendly intimacy all round which is very pleasant. I wrote Carry Bursley a joyous account of my quiet day on board, while all the rest sight-saw in Havana. They all returned in the liveliest spirits towards evening, even Ernest quite happy, chiefly in thinking what a mistake I made in not being with them. As I was tambien perfectly happy from this cause, we were quite even. Everybody had met everybody on shore. Most of them came near seeing a murder between two Cubans which didn't come off, and this made them all very intimate, even stiff-----unbent a little, although she thought the town very nasty. So we up anchor, and came out of the harbour just at the most exquisite time, and certainly the view of the receding island at sunset is one of the really beautiful scenes of the world.


Since then, which was Tuesday evening but seems ages, we have been gliding along, in perfect weather, no wraps, & summer clothes, running out to the bows to see sharks, porpoises & flying fish, dawdling in ship-chairs on deck, or seeking solitude in cabins. I had a nice day in mine yesterday. It was cooler than on deck where they were growling at the heat. I took in my brown foulard under the arms, read a lot of Spanish, and finished Ouida's Maremma. I had a loathing to the pen, which has luckily left me today. # # #

There are an English couple on board, who are very friendly, she paints on ivory, and admires my sketches. The joke on them is that the man, hearing of mosquitoes, asked, "Do they make a very large wound?" They are travelling for pleasure, you know, from Mexico to Canada. # # # # #

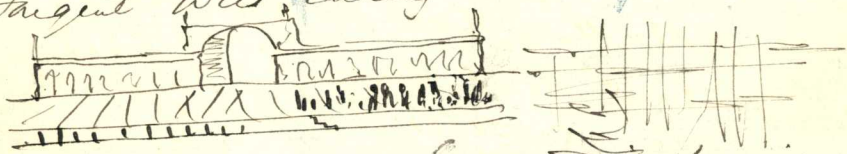
My book F. F. goes from hand to hand, for I brought a copy; and indeed it is the best guide-book there is yet. So through the night we sailed and sailed, and this morning when I took my bath the long low land was in sight about 3 miles away, (picture) the water between, my dear pale green cobalt, with streaks of purple, and soon the warragys came hurrying out in their wing-and-wing lighters. (Picture). We stopped; and they swarmed up the side, just as delicious as last time. A man came on board with cameleons--the beasts tied round the waist, and Miss Sharp bought one. (Picture). He is living in my cabin, and now has gone into the pocket of my green gown. Then the tortoise shell man came, and we bought hairpins. I bargained in Spanish, & beat him down from \$1.50 a pair to 3 for \$2.00 which was reasonable as they are good big ones. It is tranquil now except for the thumping of cargo going in and out. We shall get off I suppose before sunset.

It is delightfully singular. On the whole
you never see anything further on in
Mexico more uncommon than that
somewhat ill-smelling place. Very
hot, you must remember.

I sat in the balcony and sketched,
and after an hour or so the par-
tisans began to pickle in, sarfent,
and the other jugs were first, &
parties from whom I had to sail
out and guard the Saffellows rooms.
They themselves came the very last,
and Ernest was occupied in
finding fault that I had not come
in time to secure all the front rooms,
that he didn't notice I had given
him & his party the best in the house.
This is a mere detail, however. It is
very funny that this year, he feels
as if he had invented Vera Cruz; so
superior is he to the novices just
on shore for the first time. He
forgets how he reviled the Hotel, the
smells, the food & everything, and takes
it out in reviling the people that revile
'the thing too.' he said to them "is to go
and take a bath. There is an excellent
bath just round the corner." - You may
look at my last year's letters to see
how he expressed himself then about
that bath, & in fact everything else. But

III. 1] Tuesday Ciudad Mexico. March 9. 1860.
Café Ingles. N. 5.
Dear Sue.
Here I am in the familiar quarters!
Francisco admiring my Spanish
with his hand on his heart. 
As I mean to do nothing today
but write and rest, for my head
is all in a wobble, I will take
my adventures in course, and leave
the dénouement of Garrical to the end.
~~It is right here, & will be treated with~~
~~this. I brought it along as it will~~
~~go about as soon from here Ireland.~~
Sunday morning saw us up betimes and
at the bow, scanning the shore for
Orizaba, but alas! clouds hid them
the second time I had wished the
view. - That my trunks all ready,
and the minute the boats were allowed
to clear the ship, I climbed down into
the very first with my 2 Equipages, &
put forth waving farewell to all
the well-fed stewards &c. This de-
parture was by concert with Saegrad
and the rest to secure our rooms at
the Hotel.
A strange feeling came on me as I was

thus launching forth, myself, in a
little wobbly boat my two trunks &
my wraps 'beside me', with two waggys
rowing me on the hot sea to a
stone pier. A little meek Spaniard
sprang into the boat just as she
put off, and with him I exchanged
the time of day in Spanish (literally
in uncombed watches.) This was
long long before any other passenger
got off. The Spaniard was struggling with
his white gown. Miss Sharp was
packing her Havana water pipe,
Sargent was eating his breakfast.



The Adana is rather imposing,
of light stone, in the Louis XIV
architecture. Our boat drew up
diligent, while the inhabitants
of Vera Cruz looked on, - walked
up to the gateway with my men
laden with the trunks. The little
Spaniard touched his hat &
slipped off, as he heard us baggage.
The officials were very polite, I showed
my two things, they plunged in their hands
unearthed a pair of tumbled stockings,
said it was all right, & we were off. I

followed my 2 cardenas across the
square. - feeling myself in possession
of all Vera Cruz.
It was the affair of a moment; but
when I reached the diligencia
the meek little Spaniard had en-
gaged the principal rooms for his
friend on the ship! Same Dodge!

However, there was a suite of two
on the corner overlooking the docks.
I instantly seized these for the
Miss and Miss Sharp, and got rooms
for me & Sargent on the side where
it is really just as amusing.

It seemed real nice to be back
there. The cross-eyed proprietor with
red hair is French, and he remembered
me. Samuel the Nagas had relinquished
me to another named Harry, who
persuaded my room as before. He did
think of locking himself in. The great
double door stands open and Nagas
and chamber men come in and out
bringing baggage and towels. The rooms
open upon the dining-room, an im-
mense great sort of barn, very high
with blue rafters from which hang
bright ^{crystal} glass balls and flies like on the
lines these hang from as thick as they do
on the Matamoros Kibitzer walls in Autumn.

14 hours is a good while. Now when it is
always interesting; and we had a
beautiful view of the volcano & fine
sunset without that horrid dust of
last year. Strong Spanish & Mexican
Mexicans in wonderful sombreros & etc.
But after it grows dark, and the train
hurtles on till 8 p.m. and after. You
can't keep up the interest, and soon
settles on the cat. Each thinks on
his fate, and wonders if it pays
to have come. Mine was hopelessly
obscure, for I heard nothing in landing
from the Churches; - telegraphed them
of course.

At the station, speeded forth, - and
there was Mr. Janvier, handsome
and jolly as ever; and in the back
ground was "Kate". They had come to
meet us, had carriages, coche & etc.
and it was only on driving off, they
told me that the Churches are
not in Mexico, but gone on to
Morelia! - leaving me their Room
here, (very luxurious) and in charge
of the willing Janvier. - This was
all quite right, as we had agreed
they might find it best to do some
such thing, and in fact - to my tired
head it was a relief to postpone
the talk and excitement of meeting
them. Janvier was awfully nice

the change is as much for the better
I shouldn't think of twitting him, though
Nathan would copiously if he were here.
Kelly Shap was enchanted with
everything, and Sargent very nice and
appreciative. You will laugh at my
change of view about both of these. We
three had a very nice time together.
We had a jolly ^{almshouse} all together & bought
Sargent ran out a garden & bought
3 bouquets of summer roses & phlox
and such things, one for each of us ladies.
Meantime the Gross pair were having
a rotten time at another hotel they
had persisted in going to. We met
them in an open horse-car as
we came from our baths, and all
jaunted out into the country. They
saw but one track which goes
all round the lot pervading city
and suburb, and they let you do it
all for 5 cents.

Nason and Campbell took a long walk
and brought back a whole wash
basin full of straw with flowers. I
painted one & gave it afterwards to
Nason. These works, and Franking
money changes to get 20%
for my gold with Harry took all the
time, - oh, and also taking the baggage to
the station, weighing it & buying tickets
till a nice green table cloth driver
at 6.

In passed the living on the balcony of the
L's room, on the Locals. There was no
music, because being Sunday there
was theatre instead, and two
masked balls. But the square was
billiard & it was amusing watching
the crowds.

The usual Vera Cruz night. Hard bed
racking head, such a din and racket
in the streets, and bright electric
light in the room from the square.
Too hot to shut the shutters, or
to draw the thick sort of gingham
nettings, - and - mosquitoes! Not
so many as last year, for I avoided
lighting my candle, but not abating
did I get till after midnight. The
Cathedral bells, close to, carried
on to. They strike the 3 quarters,
and the hour, and at some hours
not others, the biggest green bells say
Bong, Bong, the right number of
times; so that when nothing is bonging
you are wondering when it will. The
number-car toots its horn the revels
of & return from their balls. It is
very loud, not very uncomfortable,
but a bad preparation for the morning.
^{Monday} Sargent & I were to leave the Hotel
at 5 1/2; but the Sufflows went to
Talapa by a train that leaves an
hour earlier than us. When I got up
at 4 1/2

I saw them stealthily slipping out of
their rooms (for in these countries early
knockers don't make a noise when they
are getting off) with Samuel and his
Cangadores bending under their baggage.
Later on for walked to the station
and found the Gross pair and other
passenger assembling for Café in the
corner shop.

The journey up was more beautiful than
than last year, partly as I knew what
to expect. Mine nearly a month earlier
(and so less dried up) the vines &
Hollows are more rampant. In
places the road on both sides is
just a tangle of festoons of morning
glories bright pink and intense blue,
great sprawling red thimp, beds of
yellow. The peak of Orizaba came
out serpent against a glowing blue sky.
At Cordova we bought gracilatas
and oranges, and at all the stations
came swarming round the females
and dulces and strange foods. I
understand their lingo much better
this time.

Sargent the devoted left me at Orizaba
by advice, & took the trip, & left me a
bag of Grosses and Captains and Smiths and
Campbells, they are all very nice, and the day
were off well. But

they are staying here in the next room.
Mrs J. made me a cup of her own
tea, & then left me to tumble into
bed. - In fact I was a mere wreck,
though able to go through the motions.
Oh my! how tired I was, and to sit
in Mrs Church's heavenly bed,
with double & triple mattresses, was
 bliss indeed. I must confess the
thought of being my own keeper
a day or two longer was perfectly
fascinating. I slept like a top, &
have no head ache today; need
do absolutely nothing but get
a bath &c. - "Tom" has gone ^{with} a
party of gentlemen to America -
mean, and Mrs J. is darling Sterling
back by. Mrs Church left a sweet
note for me, - and there is not any
thing scrabious in their going. They
will get things there in readiness for
our trip to Patzcuaro &c. &c. I shall
go on to them Thursday.

Remains now only to describe the Condition
of the Gross pain, - these people no
better fitted to travel in Mexico than
Mary Haulbut to go through the eye of
a needle (neat abridgement of the figure
speech)

He has got awfully dyspeptic, and the
Irish Driven will be the horrors of the
Cure. They don't do a word of Spanish,
and will drink sherry at 5 o'clock
in the morning, because they think the
coffee looks black. They were to stop
(like Lugent) at Orizaba; but baulked
just before arriving there, & changed
tickets & trucks for Here; ate the
wrong things at the wrong time all day
and were perfectly Ruined up, both,
when they got here. ^{we} ~~had~~ ^{all} become
rather alienated from them on the boat;
but now, moved with compassion, I showed
them in the station to Tom Janvier. He
like an angel took them in hand, got
them Coche, forced them to go to the Grand
San Carlos instead of the horrid Stumble
Hotel, ran them after we had settled
ourselves here, found them still starving,
carried gluten to them which they ate,
and fairly trucked them up in their beds
and then will leave them till the
next chapter.

With raw run and get a bath with
Mrs T. who is waiting, and hope
when I come back that my trunk
will have arrived - in fact I am
now writing in Mrs Janvier's nightgown
the saw and exchanged yells with the
Lees, Alice & Mrs. on our trains, they were
going to Puebla. Mucho regimintos!
Yes Susan

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Tuesday, Cindad, Mexico, Mar. 9, '86.
Cafe Ingles, No. 5.

Dear Luc.

Here I am in the familiar quarters! Francisco admiring my Spanish with his hand on his (picture). As I mean to do nothing today but write and rest, for my head is all in a wobble, I will take my adventures in course, and leave the denouement of arrival to the end.

Sunday morning saw us up betimes and at the bow, scanning the shore for Orizaba, but alas! clouds hid them. The second time I have missed the view. I had my trunks all ready, and the minute the boats were allowed to leave the ship, I climbed down into the very first with my 2 equipages, & put forth waving farewell to all the well-feed stewards, etc. This departure was by concert with Sargent and the rest to secure our rooms at the Hotel.

A strange feeling came over me as I was thus launching forth, by myself, in a little wobbly boat, my two trunks & my wrap beside me, with two warragys rowing me over the hot sea to a stone-pier. A little meek Spaniard sprung into the boat just as she put off, and with him I exchanged the time of day in Spanish (literally for we compared watches). # # # # #

(Picture). The Adnana is rather imposing of light stone, in the Louis XIV architecture. Our boat drew up, I alighted, while the inhabitants of Vera Cruz looked on,--walked up to the gateway with my men laden with the banles. Here the little Spaniard touched his hat & slipped off, as he had no baggage. The officials were very polite, I opened my two things, they plunged in their hand unearthed a pair of tumbled stockings, said it was all right, & we were off. I followed my 2 cargadores across the square,--feeling myself in possession of all Vera Cruz.

It was the affair of a moment; but when I reached the Diliquicias the meek little Spaniard had engaged the principal rooms for his friends on the ship! Same Dodge!

However, there was a suite of two on the corner overlooking the Tocolo. I instantly seized these for the Is and Miss Sharp, and got rooms for me & Sargent on a side where it is really just as amusing.

It seemed real nice to be back there. The cross-eyed proprietor with red hair is French, and he remembered me! Samuel the Nagur had relinquished me to another named Harry, who pervaded my room as before. You don't think of locking yourself in. The great double-door stands open and nagurs and chamber-men come in and out bringing baggage and towels. The rooms open upon the dining-room, an immense great sort of barn, very high with blue rafters from which hang bright coloured glass balls and flies sit on the wires these hang from as thick as they do on the Matunuck kitchen walls in Autumn. It is delightfully singular. On the whole you never see anything farther on in Mexico more uncommon than that somewhat ill-smelling place. Very hot, you must remember. # # # # #

The usual Ver Cruz night. Hard bed, rocking head, such a din and racket in the streets, and bright electric light in the room from the square. Too hot to shut the shutters, or to draw the thick sort of gingham nettings,--and--musquitos! Not so many as last year, for I avoided lighting my candle, but not a wink did I get till midnight. The Cathedral bells, close to, carried on so. They

strike the 3 quarters, and the hour, and at some hours, not others, the biggest green bell says BONG, BONG, the right number of times; so that when nothing is bonging you are wondering when it will. The mule-car toots its horn, the revelers go & return from their balls. It is very lurid; not very uncomfortable, but a bad preparation for the morrow.

Monday, Sargent & I were to leave the Hotel at 5½; but the Long-fellows went to Jalapa by a train that leaves an hour earlier than ours. When I got up at 4½ I saw them stealthily slipping out of their rooms (for in these countries early travellers don't make a noise when they are getting off) with Samuel and his cargadores bending under their luggage. # # # # #

The journey up was more beautiful even than last year, partly as I knew what to expect. Being nearly a month earlier (and so less dried up) the vines & blossoms were more rampant. In places the road on both sides is just a tangle of festoons of morning glories bright pink and intense blue, great sprawling red things, beds of yellow. The peak of Orizaba came out superb against a glowing blue sky. At Cordova we bought granaditas and oranges, and at all the stations came swarming round the tomales and dulces and strange foods. I understand their lingo much better this time. # # # The day wore off well, but 14 hours is a good while. However it is always interesting; and we had a beautiful view of the volcanos and a fine sunset without that horrid dust of last year. Strange Spaniards, I mean Mexicans, in wonderful sombreros got in.

But after it grows dark, and the train hurtled on till 8 p.m. and after, you can't keep up the interest, and gloom settles over the car. Each thinks on his fate, and wonders if it pays to have come. Mine was singularly obscure, for I heard nothing on landing from the Churches;--I telegraphed them of course.

At the station, I peered forth,--and there was Mr. Janvier, handsome and jolly as ever; and in the background was "Kate". They had come to meet me, had cargadores, coche & all, and it was only on driving off, they broke to me that the Churches are not in Mexico, but gone on to Morelia!--leaving me their Room here, (very luxurious) and in charge of the willing Janviers. This was all quite right, as we had agreed they might find it best to do some such thing, and in fact--to my tired head it was a relief to postpone the talk and excitement of meeting them. Janviers were awfully nice; they are staying here in the next room. Mrs. J. made me a cup of her own tea, & then left me to tumble into bed. In fact I was a mere wreck, though able to go through the motions. Oh my! how tired I was, and to get into Mrs. Church's heavenly bed, with double & triple mattresses, was bliss indeed. I must confess the thought of being my own keeper a day or two longer was perfectly fascinating. I slept like a top, & have no head-ache today; need do absolutely nothing but get a bath, etc. "Tom" has gone with a party of gentlemen to Amecameca, and Mrs. J. is darning stockings hard by. Mrs. Church left a sweet note for me,--and there is not anything scrubious in their going. They will get things there in readiness for our trip to Patzcuaro etc., etc. I shall go on to them Thursday. # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

April 6, 1886. Mejico.

Dear Luc,

I am shocked to see how long it is since I wrote you last;--afraid you have been worried, but hope that the echo of other letters has reached you. # # # # #

Now let me see what has happened. This getting back to our Rooms at the Cafe Anglais has become so like returning to 18 Boylston Place for you, that it seems hum-drum,--but then a good many amusing things have happened in the way of people.

I think my last was Monday at Morelia. Tuesday we passed in packing, and saying goodbye to several people. There is a little Mrs. Harriman there from Amesbury, Mass. Her husband sells sewing machines in Mexico, with headquarters in Morelia, so she has to live there. She is nicely set up in an apartment with a Mexican kitchen, servants, etc., but she is that homesick she is absolutely wan. It made me feel horridly, she so kind of clung to us and hated to have us leave the town, although of course, we were mere chance events in her life. In Morelia also there lives a Belgian Count, these 23 years. He has a convent that he bought, and is converting into a Hotel with Tivoli gardens, etc. attached; but it is his sort of knitting-work which he does here a little, there a little. We went all over his house with him, and he called on us Tuesday evening. He has forgotten a good deal of his French, and he too is forlorn. In fact these European Residents are like those we used to see in Egypt, depressed and listless. Although the climate is faultless, it has, I suppose, not the bracing qualities of our dear slush and mud.

Well Wednesday we were all up at 4 by candle light, and at 5 scrambling into the tram-car with our copious hang baggage, now increased by two long flechas (12 feet long) native weapons, which Mr. Church got in Patzcuaro. Mr. Shepard went with us to the train and launched us on our 14, nay 15 hour trip. At 8½ p.m. we were back in Mexico, after a not too tiring day with its excitements of buying strange foods, eke pulque, out of the car window.

And at the Station was the faithful Mr. Janvier again; we had a ridiculous time about the carriages, for one was missing. He had the Wind-mill with him, I mean Francisco; Francisco flew for a great big old hack, on which and in which he piled everything, packing the front seat to the ceiling, and scratching matches inside to see if they were well piled. Mr. J. & I then entered this ark, with imminent danger of death from the falling masses of ship-chairs, shawl-straps, etc. piled before us, and urging the driver to go despacio, we got safe to the Hotel. Francisco in some miraculous way was before us, and disinterred us from the coche. We found our family comfortably seated drinking tea which Mrs. Janvier had all prepared in their own room here.

As we feared, we fell into a mess and moil of Americans, Raymond tourists and others, but it is really very good fun. The Raymonds all come to dine in this Restaurant and as they filed by (the first day) the small table where we were, one and another stopped--E. L. Pierce-- ,----, the widower--Pa Dupee!---Mrs.----and family--very likely nice as individuals, all these, but made hideous by coming in droves, clad in dusters, and all gabbling and all doing the same dreary sights, about 30 women, I should think, to 10 men or

less.

At another small table sit the Longfellows returned from Guana-
juato, with nice Nelly Sharpe. # # # #

The genial Janviers always late and always jolly, drop in at a
neighbouring table; and perhaps I linger with them for coffee after
my family has gone up-stairs. The Cs you know are not much on eating,
and they like to get through, and back to their sofas,--but I like on
the other hand to stay below, for all these people come and go and
it is amusing enough. # # # #
We are very apt to hold a levee in the Church's room in the evening,
of all these Dramatis Personae. # # # #

Well the picnic was thus:--We all met in the Cafe at 8 o'clock,
the Sherlocks as usual behind. Roses by Levy; we all had little
bunches of flowers from the same source. A great diligence stood
before the door with 8 mules. Downie and I were warned by the Js we
mustn't think of riding on top, for this was for Levy & his Sher-
locks. They clomb above, and inside were me, Mr. J. and Mrs. J. on
the hind-seat, Downie, Mrs. Guernsey & Mr. Guernsey on the middle
seat and the parent Sherlocks on the back-seat (considered the
easiest). There was a small Guernsey girl about 8, who went on top.
Thus mule-coach hurtling through the streets was about as exception-
al as it would be in Boston; all the passers-by stared, & we were
merry.

We went out to the Convent of San Joaquim, about 2 hours drive,
through a Robber village, but the Archbishop has an understanding
with the Robbers & they only Rob with his permission. It is a lovely
place, disestablished & deserted; a mirador and estauque that re-
minded me of Maria Padilla's bath at Seville, all overgrown with
roses, fig-trees, apple & pears in blossom, lizards on the wall,
sunlight, birds, solitude;--perhaps the prettiest spot in Mexico.
We brought our mozo Ghirardo and another mozo, (for the food came
from our restaurant) and they laid out a sumptuous meal in there un-
der the arches, on a table left by the monks,--and made the coffee,
while we all strolled about the desolate orchards & olive grove.
Mrs. J. had her sketching things, but I am tired of such futile
snatches at sketching. # # # #
It was altogether a great success. It's not a bit bad for picnics
to be in a perfect climate with absolutely no fear of rain, and no
need for wraps. We were shown all over the old convent, which has
lovely views of Chapultepec and of the volcanoes, (Popple and Wottle)
& came home late for dinner at 6½. # # # #

On Monday we had a different scene, a breakfast at Sir Spenser
St. John's, the British Minister (pronounced, you know, Singen).
It reminded me of all our diplomatic Career in Alexandria for his
suite is not at all unlike ours threr, only more grand;--it is up-
stairs like that, and covered about as much ground. He has, however,
just had it all frescoed, and fitted up with furniture from London.
He is a jolly bachelor of 60 or more, just like all diplomats,--ad-
mires Mrs. Church, jokes Downie, talks easily with me. His nephew,
Mr. Singen, had to be hauled out of bed where he was shaking with
malaria, to sit opposite the minister. He is the Secretary, a sort
of Sidney Everett. They were both very pleasant, and gave us a de-
licious meal, with nice wines, pretty china, & good service, always
a pleasant rest from Hotel Struggles. # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Puebla, Hotel Espanol, April 14,
'86.

Dear Luc:

I have written several miscellaneous letters from here, so you have learned of our coming, but now I must attack a great fat account of the details for your benefit. We got off from Mejico with a great scrimmagio. # # # # #
A las quatro y media we were drawn from our beds, and in the dawn jogged forth to the Vera Cruz R. R. Station. Here were the great wide cars of that Excellent Road. You know the National is narrow guage, and we are more used to that. As we had Antoine with us of course there was no end of trouble about the hand-traps. We take him on purpose for this. (See last year's letters). A small boy, about as big as Raymer, conducted the whole coffee business, bringing us coffee con leche into the car, with bread & sweet rubbish such as prevails here; he was a dear, speaking clear, distinct English, and ordering about a swarm of feeble boys with coffee pots, and a mature female, with absolute assurance. One of his small aids, who fetched Downie's milk, when he was paid for it, said, cocking his head, with a beseeching glance of great black eyes, and a sweet smile, "un centavo mas." What for! said Mr. C. sternly. "Por mis dulces,"--(for my sugarplums;) he was too fascinating and got it of course. # # # # #

The journey is tiresome, over the dusty plain of the old table-land of Ananuac. We went on the Vera Cruz main line to Apizaco, where we changed for the branch to Puebla. You see when the V. C. Road was built, it would naturally have come through Puebla as Cortes & the diligence Road did. But the Pueblans are sort of Catalans; they refused to have the R. R. or to help build it, or make it easy in any way. It cost some ?00,000,000 Reales less to turn aside, & this the Co. did to save their pockets and eke to spite the Pueblans. (Afraid I told this all to Nelly. Too bad.) This has kept the town interesting. Mr. Robertson, the wise, thinks it a great pity; because, Had the R. R. come through Puebla, this would have been the central point for tourists. It is a much better town than Mexico, every way, healthy, clean, cosmopolitan. Then travellers would have come up from Vera Cruz to stop here. The Hotels are excellent, and are improving every year. From here we should branch off, making this headquarters,--and Cindad Mexico would be visited simply for a day to two, to see Chapultepec and so on.

There is now a branch, so that one can reach Puebla by rail, but it is no thoroughfare. Still, when you do get here, it is all the better for its remoteness;--very likely the Yankees by this time would have gormed it all up to be just like Mejico. The shops here are like those of Lyons, for instance; almost everyone speaks French, (for it was a great place under the Maximilians you know), the hacks are like those of Boston, the streets are smooth, and the whole deliciously clean. # # # # #

We came to this Hotel in a gorgeous coche which awaited us at the station, & fell upon our beds for a few hours, then rose and looked forth from the balconies on the amusing streets. Nelly's letter describes the rooms. The mozos are very nice here, and the Hotel very quiet. In fact, we are all in love with the place. Remind me, however, when I'm at home to describe the too funny con-

struction of the patio etc. Chucho (diminutive of "Jesus!") is the table-mozo. He loves us, and is very delightful, light of foot, and pirouetting with the caster in his hand, in a manner I shall imitate for you.

Saturday morning, Downy & I went out & found the Baths, and then I deposited her with the Robertsons, and had sola a good exploring expedition in the Portales. Oh, but first I had been on the roof, which revealed the Cathedral and Tocolo very near us; and round this pretty plaza planted, as usual with ash-trees, I found the booths in the Portales most amusing. Wish I could have kept back Greta's things till now, for I could add splendid monkeys made of cow's-hide, muncas of tissue paper etc. all prepared for Holy Week. What induced Mr. Church to give in and come to Puebla was hearing that there were tiles here, and tiles are the absorbing passion of his life. So now, he loves to take me and a coche and drive to tile-fabricas, where we make bargains with the man about sending them by the gruesa (or gross) to Estados Unidos, and then go away without doing anything about it, further than to buy one or two for a Real or so, and perhaps some little jugs. I love to go about with Mr. C. thus; he is a dear man. # # # #

On Sunday we all went to the Mercado a very amusing one. Swarms of people selling each other their wares, all squatting on the ground. Puebla is all rectangular; a great tract of it is infested with the Market which don't mind running out into the streets. Understand? Thus if in that region, you turn down any street, you come upon the swarming market, whose centre is at the junction of two very wide streets, say C.wealth Avenue and Dartmouth, but swarming all out at Exeter and Clarendon as well. Only the widest here are narrow.

Sunday p.m. we drove around the Paseo which is a dingy sort of repetition of the Paseos in Madrid. The Elite were then driving round & round, music playing, men on handsome horses, with bright serapes over their backs, and gaudy saddles. Indios with dulces brought them to the carriage, beggars begged.

Every evening I am reading aloud "My Novel" to the parents, who repose on sofas. We are greatly enjoying this quiet life, so different from the randans of Mejico. It is perhaps the pleasantest part of the whole journey. # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Mejico, April 25th '86.

Dear Luc, It was heinous not to write you last Sunday, after getting back from Puebla; but I wrote instead a lot of miscellaneous letters thinking I should have endless leisure fooling round here all the week,--for really the capital affords little of interest to do. But lo! Mrs. Church (I will say like an Angel) woke up to the fact that it was a great waste for me to be dawdling here, and she invented and urged the plan of my starting off with the Janviers for Amecameca. They were nothing loath, for they are always ready to do Guide-Book (second edition) and besides they really are the most obliging creatures in the world. So when Sunday evening Mr. C. asked them, they said they would do it immediately; and we were packed and off Tuesday morning early. It was a great lark, and we thoroughly enjoyed it. # # # # #

Amecameca is about 3 hours by rail on the same road we went to Miraflores last year only farther. It is a purely Indian town, a pueblo, put close at the foot of the great mountains;--generally avoided by Churches as the Hotel is said to be Horrid. You shall see. There is a Sacra Monte there, and it is the place of all others to see the Indian Holy Week ceremonies, pure and undefiled by fashion & infidelity. Mr. J. had been there on Tuesday before Lent when there were great jinks, but this was to be better. The R. R. runs close round the foot of the Sacra Monte, (which it dared not touch) and the Hotel is close to the rails, opposite the little station. It is a delightful ramshackle old place much more like a Swiss Hotel than anything else here; I mean like the inns on Alps such as I saw going up the Rhine valley. # # # # #

There were very clean rooms with the splendid view, of (picture) Istac and Popl right out of window across green fields of alfalfa and a very pretty village, that road leading away from us, and a constant scene of strange passing. I can't think of any place with so fine a view; other monarch peaks are so apt to be broken up by foot-hills & ugly foregrounds; here not at all.

Well the boards of the floor creaked as we stepped, and we didn't dare to lean on the green carved wood balconies lest we should tumble down, the windows were double doors, with the glass broken by winds, and bolts all on the waggle; there had been one looking-glass, but the glass was gone out of it. The beds were harder than at Patzcuaro, and there were 2 chairs & a wooden table in my room, 3 chairs & no table in theirs. For this reason, & because my view was a bit the better we had my room for our salon, and took coffee on my table. We bought 3 nails in the town & nailed them into the wall to hang my clothes on. Thus established we passed four delightful days in the most amusing little town. We soon learned that Friday was to be the great day, so telegraphed to Churches that we shouldn't come back till Saturday and apparently we have not been much missed, so it was just as well. # # #

Now the landlord proved a perfect Love, he became very fond of us, in fact the Js, have the art of travelling in the propitiatory manner, & as that is my own, we soon had things buzzing. When we left the train, two females did also whom we had noticed by reason of their having two dogs with them. They had been there before, & knew the G. proprietor. There was some fuss about the rooms, and I guess they knew enough to want ours, but I secured these in a

twinkling while "Tom" was getting the baggage and "Kate" was guarding the traps. These senoras came and said to me that we might not perhaps like our rooms because the only way for them to come out of their room was through ours. We instantly sent for G. P. and (though this was before he loved us), he poopood at their difficulty, as there was another way for them to get out. We took possession, fastening their door of communication not only with a great stick of wood which we had on our side (there was no lock nor bolt) and also with a nail which Tom pulled out of our wall, and drove into the top of the door with the heel of my boot. These females we rather disliked and their dogs infested us, and attracted all the dogs of the town. One of the women was French, so they both spoke French, but they could do very good Spanish, and one said she was an American from Mississippi. They complained about the milk, and offended the landlady, and on the 2nd day the landlord with great joy informed us that the Senoras were fuera (gone)--where we can't imagine, but we were glad to see no more of them until!--yesterday on the platform there they were, & came back to Mexico in the train with us. This is the true story of the Senoras, who with their dogs being the only people in the house with us, gave a queer flavour to the beginning of the visit.

Our first cafe was rather hitchy, but we soon got so friendly with the man, his very nice wife,--with Pedra the cook who made really delicious things, and vied with herself to please us,--and little Mast "Manana", as we called him on account of his great slowness, a sort of Mexican Freddy Perry who made the beds, fetched the fresh water, waited on table and tended the simple Bar where they sold only fizzly drinks made of Calaveza (squash) and the like,--that we had a perfectly splendid time. And on Saturday when we left, our Almuezzo was a Royal feast, the table decorated with roses,--roses stuck in the water jug, in the pulque bottle, roses in each tumbler with the neatly folded napkin, roses all over a dish of fried sort of pancakes made express by Pedra, and the landlord patted Tom's shoulder, & they lissed at parting while Kate & I kissed the Senora & Pedra. It was a real ovation, and we left with regret, & promises of return. I thought I would put this phase all by itself, and now go back to our movements, & the fiesta.

We arrives on Tuesday just in time for our first singular meal at a little round table in the Bar-room, with the senoras and dogs at a side-table against the wall. That p.m. we were content to sit in our balconies and enjoy the lovely prospect, and the swarms of indians filing along the road to the Plaza, for the town was already beginning to fill up for the Fiesta. They came on donkeys or off donkeys, or riding, if small, on the backs of parents. They wore, often, wreaths of willow and red poppies on their hats, and many carried booths, or beams to make them of, and flat mats of woven straw such I wish I could bring home. Just opposite us was a little church which had an image of the Virgin in it,--tended by an Indian woman who seemed to run it as a show. When she saw fit, she had the great door open, and then every Indian who went by had to stop & take off his hat & cross himself; it was pretty to see them do this great & small however much hurried they were.

This is a very cloudy season & the sky was muy cargado that is veiled in mists & billowy clouds, so that now you saw Istax and now you didn't, as for Popple, he was very scarce. We had a merry dinner, and barely waiting to see the moon rise from just behind the shoulder of Istac, we fell in, or on, to our beds, my how hard! and the pillows like bags of paving stones.

At 4 in the morning, Wednesday, I was up and looking at the scene, then clear & grand; the outlines of all the things sharp and dark, with the sun to appear by and by. But mi familia wasn't ready for coffee till about 8; afterwards "Tom" went to the plaza, by the same road as the Indians, and returned with strange things he had bought, & favorable reports of the town. Kate & I had been sketching at our windows, but now we girded ourselves to walk up the new Calzada to the top of the Sacra Monte. This is a broad winding road, reminded me of the ascent to the Mer de Glace, & also of all Cats-kill paths, only the trees are huge old Ahuehuetes or cypresses like those at Chapultepec, perhaps older, for this mountain was sacred to the Aztecs long before Cortez introduced his little modern religion, and no one would dare to cut down a tree. They fall I suppose when they are ready, but they are immensely big round, and all hung with grey moss, and a scarlet-pointed orchid with grey leaves infests them. Then in openings between these great trunks are glimpses of the pretty village with the volcanoes behind, at that time very blue and misty almost cobalt, for a background;--sketching there for months & months. (Picture). At the top is a broad flat space and a chapel to Our Lady of Guadalupe I believe (Heaven forbid that the Janviers should suspect my ignorance). They are death on churches, and do them within and without, both for love and for the guide-book. But I sat and looked off on the cobalt depths. A little below is the chapel where there is a Cueva (cave) and in that cave is an image of Christ which the Indians have had for hundreds of years; and moreover a very sainted man named Fray Martin of Valencia used to live in this cave in the 1500s sometime, and they have or had his relics there also. -----Continued in our next. I mail this now.

Yrs,
S.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Matunuck, R. I.
Nov. 9, '86.

Dear Luc,

You have asked for tales of life here, and indeed they are always amusing;--strange how even here "les jours se suivent, et ne se ressemblent pas." Nelly may give you the meat of numerous postals I keep scribbling;--and as I have a little time, I will describe Sunday, which was ridiculously different from the typical day of Matunuck, yet will show you we have our excitements. All the night before the house shook and the bed rocked, and when I got up it was snowing!

"Jane did you meet the milk-pail?" I called out as she entered. It had blown halfway down the hill. The piazza chairs were kicking their heels in all attitudes about the grass. These I had heard but heeded not, as they hurtled about in the night. It immediately cleared off, but very cold. I had a delightful fire in the Red Room, sun poured in, lots of Chrysanths. and Harington's cat in my lap all mornings while I wrote on the Pot-Boiler which takes me to Paris. The Mail man had forgotten to bring the meat, & there was only salt-fish in the house--but this with a Graham Cottage Pudding which I made (to keep myself warm)--and 2 baked quinces made an agreeable dinner, and Ambrose (Harington's) ate of the pudding with Zest. While we were thus enjoying our little meal near the fire, a Step on the piazza made us tremble,--this sound being far more unexpected than earthquakes are at present in Charleston. 'Twas Miss Anne Weeden, who has got well, and who came to propose walking down to the beach! Jane hurried up the tea; I put on my shoes, and we set forth. It was delicious out, brilliant and not very cold, and the waves were superb--(I see that a cutter was lost in the Sound near New Haven about that time). We got home, though, and that was all done with, about the time I usually am starting for my walk, i.e. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ --but they drive things up at Aunt's at this season, I'm convinced that by the spring, she is really eating Tuesday's dinner on a Saturday. I had stopped there on our return, and they fired me with a delightful scheme. The neighborhood is making a quilt for old Aunt Vilet, the nagur grandmother who was burned out at Aleck's. Each one is to do a "block" and contribute it along with 5 cents towards the lining etc. Of course I want to do one, & brought home the patterns, brown papers to cut the 21 pieces by--for it's quite elaborate. I hunted up pieces and was just planning my block when--again!--a step was heard on the piazza of a manly nature. Again I trembled. It was Joe Browning, with his arms completely full & heaped with splendid chrysanthemums. "They was likely to be a frost tonight, and I told mother I was going to pick 'em all and take 'em to Aunt Susie." He used this title, without embarrassment, or any sort of quotation marks. He stayed and prattled (not quite the right term, as subjects were few,) till dusk, which comes on early. Then what with making the fire, getting supper, holding the cat, arranging the great mass of flowers, reading Mrs. Lecks and Aleshine which is capital, and dressing for the night, I had to hurry to get to bed by nine! Wasn't this a stirring day?

Yr,
S.

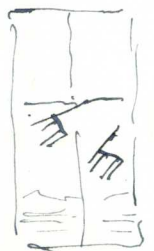
Nov. 15. '86. Matamoras R.I.

Dear Sue.

It is cold as thunder, as you
suppose. Jane & I consider the season
has been much milder this year than
last, and indeed remember periods
of cold and rain far worse; ^{for} indeed
last night was the first that I
have dressed as for a sleigh-ride. The
little Red Room is much cozier for this
month than the big parlor where for
some reason I stuck last year (I think
I imagined that stove more warming
but this one is excellent)

But this wind, my dear, you mention
it. It has now been raging since
Saturday, and Saturday was a merry
day. It is a West wind, and rattles
us on this red side of the house,
and as I sat on Saturday, it raked
the western piazzas fore and aft, &
chairs flew by with shrieks
which had been forgotten.


I found, by the way, one
mild day, my beloved little
piazza with chair lying on
its nose at the bottom of the stone steps



Tell Betty about this, & don't speak ^{other} - I mean from Jane and other
friends, that these visitors of Auntys', - Mrs Sharp, Credeau & her
daughter, - her money. She intends her father's (deceased) property.
and what more, "they say" that Anne is Auntys' favorite, and
that Auntys will leave "whatsoever she is got" to Anne. What this
may be, I don't know, & you? - I don't suppose Auntys has any
part or parcel in the estate here, & you? - Anne, however,
hearing these things, & of course a bit of a prophetic look in
Anne's countenance, as if she thought she was a little in as it
were & Auntys' share (her share) but she oscillates for now!
She she is so, the two talk in a lady's manner about Auntys, and
it seems as if they are graded the other broader (now) as not putting
herms. Now Auntys this wonderful! So contented really. The Frank works
in the W's mills, is their brother. I mean as if they came here the minute
the left like pieces cutting their own, - and say so, & return to
their place in "night dress" (pardon me), and wish they could feed me
Auntys & with them. Little Anne says well, she is "fond of Frank's valley"
and is sincerely fond of Auntys. She rattles away about her own things,
but as I don't care & twiddle about mine, it isn't perfectly. What is no

where it had blown in the last gale
that was from the S.E. It is not
unpleasant, after you are used to it, &
lean the Bed rock with an even
bubbling motion all the time you are
in it; and blinds and doors now
are so brailled they cant well bang.
The air is full of dead leaves
swooping and whirling about, and
as I walk, great turkey feathers fly
into my mouth. Yesterday our pond
was darkest indigo, with angry
waves, and surf beating against
the landing.

But Cats in Plenty blow into the house
and Franklin brings great ampk
of wood. Luckily I bought a new
hoop cord, and it will just do. I
shall be amongst you pretty soon now.
The sort of colloquialness in these
remarks is caused by my being fresh
from June of yesterday which did
arrive, my dear, in the morning mail. &
to seem pretty prompt. Carry brought
me my puppet

between ~~Sticks~~ in the door trying to catch my torpid brain &
my literary work, and if I had you at once - ~~Admiral~~
take in belly was so low. I Philadelphia. My 'low
of this gaffe. Its a comfort to think that you mention was
to upon her - that "Archetype" of yours you mention was
me indeed, full of heat, and I need it many times. It
makes me sick to think of shipping sideways. When Anne's brother
shook fast down "start Sunday (week) when Anne's brother
& I were on the beach, a sudden wave washed up
to us, - stunned & wakened her, and she felt that in my stomach
right in the wave which crashed up under me when
I could get picked up ~~by~~  I was a very pretty
decoration. But that was at all our wet anything but
the picture of my coat. I was not of horses that Anne the
Crazy had me ~~make~~ ~~it~~ got home, & that Crazy thought it
wrote while & decoration & tells in writing. But the heart much
trouble in the way of ideas.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Nov. 15, '86. Matunuck, R. I.

Dear Luc,

It is cold as thunder, as you suppose. Jane & I consider the season has been much milder this year than last, and indeed I remember periods of cold and rain far worse; for last night was the first that I have dressed as for a sleigh-ride. The little Red Room is much cosier for this month than the big parlor where for some reason I stuck last year. (I think I imagined that stove more warming, but this one is excellent).

But this WIND, my dear, you mention it. It has now been raging since Saturday, and Saturday was a merry day. It is a West wind, and rattles us on this red side of the house, and as I sate on Saturday, it raked the western piazzas fore and aft, & chairs flew by with shrieks which had been forgotten. (Picture).

I found, by the way, one mild day, my beloved little piazza rock chair lying on its nose at the bottom of the stone-steps where it had blown in the last gale. That was from the S. E. It is not unpleasant, after you are used to it, to have the Bed rock with an even lulling motion all the time you are in it; and blinds and doors now are so brailled they can't well bang. The air is full of dead leaves swooping and whirling about, and as I walk, great turkey feathers fly into my mouth. Yesterday our pond was darkest indigo, with angry waves, and surf beating against the landing.

But Cats in Plenty blow into the house and Franklin brings great armfuls of wood. Luckily I bought a new half-cord, and it will just eke, I believe till next week. For you observe I shall be amongst you pretty soon now.

The sort of colloquialness in these remarks is caused by my being fresh from yours of yesterday which did arrive, my dear, in the morning mail, & so seems pretty prompt. Carry brought me my basket just now as I sit in the sun trying to lash my torpid brain to some literary work, and I turn to you at once. # # # #

That last Sunday (week) when Anne Weeden & I were on the beach, a sudden wave swooped up to us;--I turned to warn her, and fell flat on my stomach right in the wave which crawled up under me before I could get picked up. (Picture). It was a very futile sensation. Didn't hurt me at all nor wet anything but the pockets of my coat.

#

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

13 rue d'Alger
Paris.
Thursday, March 3, '87.

Dear Luc,

Thursday p.m. Mrs. Greene took me to see the Child Hassams (see Globe letter) and that evening we had our theatre party which went off nicely. Hart and Miss Mason came here and we all dined at our Duval, where "all the girls they smile on us" now, I mean the waiter girls. We had a cosy table, with a table-cloth! (5 cts extra!) and then I ordered without much consulting the rest. We had Soup, and Roast beef, and Fly at the Wind (vol au vent) and Salad, and Suisse avec fraises, which is soft Cottage cheese eaten with preserved strawberries, very delicious, invented or revealed by Hart,--and coffee, and a bottle of Moulin a vent which is very good red wine, and a siphon of seltzer to make it last; and all this dinner, for four, cost fr.10.60--i.e. \$2.12, or 28 cents apiece. Perhaps you don't believe it, but it's down on my accounts. We gave 1 franc to the waiter which made three cents more apiece. We then repaired to the Gymnase & saw the Countess Sarah (Ohnet's novel) very interesting, well acted. I think I shall do it up in a newspaper letter, so abstain here. The trouble is it is fearful hot in the theatre, and though I was dressed in my usual summer costume for evenings I was roasted. We were up in what might be compared to the family circle, where we saw & heard nicely, but hot! It was one o'clock when we got home. # # # # #
I came grimping up our stairs in the dark, and forgot to count the etages, of course couldn't see any numbers over the doors, and walked into a Room that seemed to be mine. Suddenly it struck me that my clothes were not hanging in the front entry, and just then I heard a loud snirring in the bed, so I beat a retreat, and quite bewildered stood at the staircase wondering whether to go up or down. Then I bethought me that our stairs are the last that are carpeted. I felt, & found carpet on the next flight up, so climbed again & got safe home. We think this was pretty smart of me. I lighted Phil's candle in his room & long after heard him blundering up--but it seems he had matches.

Now Saturday came 3 tickets for La Chambre which Nathan Appleton kindly got for me through some cousin of his who is married to a depute. Pamela French was wild with joy, for as Phil couldn't go, I took her and the Owl in the Ivy Bush, to wit, Mackintosh the young man with Frenches. It was very interesting, they were discussing the Budget. The day was perfectly lovely--and certainly nothing can be prettier than Paris in the Spring. The buds are getting fat, you know, and the grass is green--weather delicious, not hot at all, but I have shed my yellow wrap for the Jersey jacket C. Weld gave me,--over a jersey waist, and am too warm often. # # #

Granada, Alhambra, 1
 Lete Puelos. April 30. 87.

May 9th for Paris, and sail on the 14th. We have a number of friends here, but I am not much surprised; - but doubt not that you did write to Lillie, only the Bankses have not sent them. When we left there, on the 14th, it was too soon to expect anything from your direct. (I did hear there all from London and Paris, including your check on Barings) - but I told them to forward mine, and as 10 days have intervened, hope I to find. Now I'm most afraid I shall get nothing before I sail; - but that now will not be long, for the time is catching by and Canada is our last etape of any duration.

I will compass myself to narration. We are very happy to be settled today in this lonely place without having to start off for anywhere. Arrived late last night, and troubled with cold.

Wrote as above

The Rindler out of Gibraltar towards Spain, saw a narrow ship of land called "the neutral ground." There is sort of a bridge there, and a toll house; and here my horse, who was walking very slow, thought he would go back & Gibraltar. He thought all went ahead without noticing; I had no work, and was not true about pulling the bridle, as it was a cut bit like was a quiet shade of people, donkeys, cattle &c. and those in which with his hand toward Gib. "Don't be afraid!" called the little man in English - I saw Phoenix galloping back, & soon arrived, excited with great desire for my lady the rope moved my hands need, and led up out of town. This was rather a bad signifying, & I guess, as ship T. is an experienced rider, but my terror was so great that I did not mind anything - it is so long since I have been in position and this horse was so very tall, it seemed a great distance & the ground. With haste & stay that within turn came & when you are and I grew very happy with him. He was large head & h. l.d., and in fact, missed the best time of the lot in the second day after ship T's daily animal began to flag. He by the way thought at this distance a regular riding habit, trousers, and all, slight grey.

as you will see. This morning the joy
of getting at our Friends, changing
clothes &c. is so great that we have
no thought as yet of sight-seeing.
The place it is simply enchanting
to be here, in a lovely salon with
great windows opened wide on little
balconies, shaded by leafy elms, bird
singing, otherwise no sound but the
rustling water, and an occasional
dear donkey sitting up his bay. The
place has all the charm I hoped
it would, coming back, and no
disappointment.

Disappointment.
I wrote several letters at Tangiers, and
guess you will hear Carry Bussey's -
Think my last to you was from old
Tiberian, but as my pen writing
things were all packed, I have no
recollection of dates. The last word
at Tangiers was meeting those fine
travelling English women friends of
Anne Payson and Laura Wild. They
came back over to Gib. in the Boat
with us, since when we have lost them
quite likely however they will turn up
here - We only spent one night at Gib
rather, Tuesday, in solemn preparation for
the Round Ride

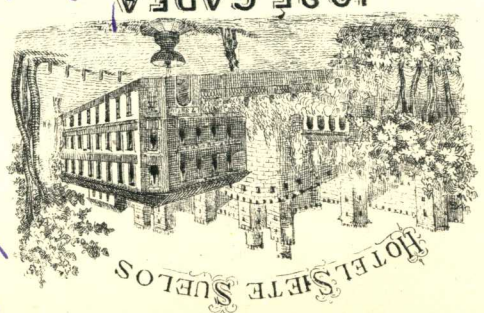
[illegible]

perhaps 4 hours, and then stopped at a little house &
upone, - not even a Posada, but just friends of Polonius
as it were. When I came down off my horse I was stiffer
than a log, and so indeed were the companions. They
invited us to a pretty room, where they sit out skins, furs &c.,
and by and by when the mules arrived Polonius brought
out four saddle bags the lunch we had brought. Mean-
while we were resting, wandering about a sweet garden
gathering nasturtiums which grow wild all through here
with a delicate sort of Dutchman's pipe, more twining
than that of 39 Highland St. There was a very nice Spanish
cut at that place, a perro, a couple of pigs, and hens
who all formed part of the family, all worthy people.
Again to horse, and joggling along, the scene growing wilder.
Our second rest was in a lonely place, we called the oasis, tall
trees planted near a delicious spring, and a family living
in a sort of thatched hut with a donkey - After that we
began to follow the bed of a river, constantly fording it! The
first time we feared greatly for the strong current wet
the stomachs of the horses, even my tall Dobbin; but we
soon got used to it, and loved it. = This river was very full one
Sunday morning, June 1st, 1891, May 1st
account of recent rains, a bawling kind of torrent sometimes
flattened our broad sand places, sunny, not too hot, and
fresh spring greens everywhere. The Oleander which was so pink
3 years ago, is only in bud, but other ~~shrubs~~ ^{sprouts} are out, and all manner
of low on the ground flowers. Polonius, who is a stupid old fellow,
expended things in Spanish; - he was a very faithful guide, and knew
all the right stopping places &c. though constant doing the same route.
We reached the foot of the mountains about 5 p.m. after a last rest
we began to climb, climb a very steep path, meeting people that seemed
like 40 thieves coming down with mules, scenery very wild but not terrific
at last awfully tired, after sunset we reached Gaucín at the
very top of everything, a beehiving Moorish town, stuck up there for
fifty years ago, with a Moorish castle amongst it;
the tiled roofs so brown and old you could hardly tell
where houses ended and cliffs began. We clattered
through the narrow street, all Gaucín at our heels, and
were lifted off our horses to fall upon beds. It was a sweet
Hotel. The host very worthy. A real Fonda with upstairs and down.
stairs, and a penny room for us, ^{upstairs} with 2 beds, we think belonging to the hosts
themselves. In the morning



no trees anywhere - at last we began to see the sea Ronda ~~after~~ off on a plain at the foot of our hills - It took long to reach. Certainly a wonderful place, and well worth the trip, even apart from the fun of horses. This very old & begun with, Roman, then Moor, always with the reputation of cantankerousness, on account of its fast position on top of a steep precipice of hundreds of feet. This again is so mixed between old masonry and the rock that you can't tell which is which. They built the wall of the town into the jagged precipice. The river flows at the foot, turning Moorish mills, and making off to water all the fertile fields in the neighborhood. It is a great hardship at last we reached it - It is a great hard- some proud City. the new part with broad streets, Alamedas, churches, with all the honest dignity of a Centre not degraded by rail road - or even you know, carriages! In the middle of the town is a grand bridge built over the Tajo or Chasem. This bridge is the market place & nucleus of the town. You saw the splendid view from our horses, but next morning went to search it thoroughly on foot. You look down down 250 feet to the boiling river the sides are absolutely perpendicular rock worn into age, moss grown, ferns & cactus growing, at the top the houses built close to the cliff. - Up the river is seen the old Roman bridge, - down, you see, far below, the Moorish mills, - and little people, donkeys & sheep hurrying about the merest tops, they are so far off. It is perfectly wonderful -

that the whole you came up to this time, which is Sunday morning - I am glad to have a little more to report to you, which was very pretty and very amusing, not half so bad as the last, but enough so, and - from the fact of being a little got up in a stagey way for the benefit of Europeans, more Eastern than the last. The merchants of Seville are all their clothes, &c. &c. - You had a very amusing donkey-ride out with the horses, sitting sideways on the saddle bags. At the Hotel in Seville is a very pleasant hotel where you can have a very pleasant stay. ^{Jose Gadea} whose friend is ^{Jose} Balboa, Betty Foster's mother. She has sent him lots of letters & money since he has not been to the 20 or 30 times since. And there are not a few of the 20 or 30 times since. Charming English people, men and his wife, who are just turned up here again and being on foot friends. For only lately found out their names. - They are the quiet. Men who were in the States for the States. - This accounts for their recent & American. - With love. In our last letters out the last days of our route. - Spain Madrid on Monday



HOTEL SIETE SUEÑOS

And there are not a few of the 20 or 30 times since. Charming English people, men and his wife, who are just turned up here again and being on foot friends. For only lately found out their names. - They are the quiet. Men who were in the States for the States. - This accounts for their recent & American. - With love. In our last letters out the last days of our route. - Spain Madrid on Monday

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Norddeutscher Lloyd,
Dampfer Elbe, May 16, '87.
Monday.

Dear Luc:

I feel constrained to write up my adventures from my last date at Toledo, although I may bring the letter to you in my hand. There is plenty of time for writing, and I may forget the most thrilling portions, besides these lines can go down to Posterity. Funny to think you have the Cablegram, and are thus greatly advanced since the Toledo letter although you haven't got it yet. Imagine me very happy in a delicious great stateroom on this really splendid ship, which I will describe later. Thinking in Spanish & translating my wishes into German, which comes hard.

I can't make up my mind to begin at the beginning, although I know it is wrong. I will compromise, I believe, by dividing my tale into 3 chapters, and then write them in the order I choose. You can read as you like.

Chap I. Toledo to Paris.

Chap II. Paris to Surbiton.

Chap III. Surbiton to Now.

I wish I hadn't such nasty paper, but all the rest is used up. On the whole I relent and will begin where you left me at the sweet senora's in Isabella Street, Toledo. Only I mean to write Anne Bur-sley about the Cathedral on Sunday.

Chapter I. Toledo to Paris.

We left Toledo Sunday p.m. and arrived at Hotel de la Paix, Madrid, for a late dinner. At the table! Lecks and Aleshine again, also our worthy Phillips family of Chicago. Monday morning was spent by us all in a vigorous repacking, for our things had got all mixed round in various trunks. But after lunch we all went to the Museum, where I had a hurried but delightful review of the pictures. It was trying, because the Salon Isabel is in reparation, and all those (best) pictures scattered round in their schools, where I had to hunt for them, of course missing many. But the Velasquez are "all there", & old Master Charles V by Titian with his Jaw worse than ever. An early dinner, a really sad farewell to Miss J. Then John J. took me to the Station and put me in my little Wagon Lit!

Now began the 2 nights and a day solitary jaunt to Paris. Of course there was the rapture of escaping from my keepers, which was very great, although their sway was light. The 1st night passed off well. I will describe by voice the difference between these sleepers and ours. There is very little to choose in Indecency. My only companion (no curtains) was an elderly gentleman from Biarritz, who delicately went to bed late and got up very early; and I had my umbrella. We were at San Sebastian when we began to take notice in the morning, Tuesday, and reached Hendaye, the border of France at 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Here customs, not troublesome, but tedious;--a good breakfast and then change of car and companions. To my dismay (and theirs worse) the little compartment (for four beds) was all taken. Three caballeros were to share it with me! and the racks reeked with their hat boxes, bags, straps, canes and the like! They all came to love me later, but at first they were greatly bored to be mixed up with a Senora. Next door was a Senora from Cuba, muy gruesa and much rouged with a very pretty daughter, muy guapa, and much powdered. This latter was born in N. Y. and talked American with a variety of

other languages. She came and sate with me, & flirted with my men which comforted them. Our dens, you understand, opened into a common passage, very narrow. We were all the women there were, other Caballeros further on.

At Dax, about 2 hours from Bordeaux, the train came to a stop;-- and there we waited, very hot and very dusty, for hours. Nobody knew anything. The French employees are very unlike ours, they love to know nothing. As to our Porter, he was an Idiot. They all are. They belong to the Wagon Lit Company, and don't pretend to know anything about the Road, Trains or anything. Of course we all became very intimate, during this long interval. I believe a train from the Pyrenees had broken down in front of us. My companions were as follows,

1. A stout and gloomy Spanish person, travelling round as an agent for electric lights. In trade, but well mannered like all hidalgos.
2. A charming grand and reverent Portuguese, just appointed, by sure, Minister to China and Japan, where he was then bound with
3. His young, handsome, gay and altogether delightful secretary, whose card I have, covered with titles and offices, an officer in the army, with a coronet on his Gladstone. (Picture). Great friends with his chief who tutored him. This young man was really uncommon-- looked like Lindsey Amory, olive tinted, black eyed, tall. The old gent at once set to work to corrupt the little American girl, but the secretary fell to talking with me,--in French or Spanish as it happened;--and told me he is going to write a book about China & Japan,--so I told him I had written a book about Spain. We exchanged sympathies and are to send each other our works--his in Portuguese.

Meanwhile, towards sunset, I saw my trunks going out of our train and into another one! On asking, I learned that those who wished, could go on with their baggage to Paris. The wagon-lits might perhaps remain where they were for days. I was thinking that my lit with all these companions wouldn't be a bed of roses;--I seized my hand-wraps, and fled.

Do you think the whole drove followed me! and we found ourselves all jammed into a small 3rd class carriage with hard seats; the gruesa Senora, her daughter, their guitar, the Minister, his secretary, their hat boxes & bundles and the gloomy caballero and all his. There was very little room for everything, and when the train started with a jerk, all the bundles fell down on us. By this time all hope of reaching Paris had fled, and we only expected to get to Bordeaux and go to Hotels for the night. This new train however only went a few steps; after another pause they came and said we were all to go back to the wagon-lits! (You know there were some 60 passengers in all, engaged in these feats). So, with the loss of some trifling articles we climbed back & settled down, and lo and behold, started! We reached Bordeaux several hours behind our time; a cheerful man got in just before we got there who knew something (an employee). He announced that not only were we to go on to Paris, but that now we could stop at Bordeaux 25 minutes for dinner! It was 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the evening. We all flew out most joyfully and made a good meal. Afterwards settled ourselves for the night, and I was asleep before we left Bordeaux. The gloomy caballero was opposite me in the lower berth. The 2 portuguese on top. The G. C. was pulmonair, & couldn't have any windows open and the door was shut. They all smoked. It was hotter than fury anyhow down there in the South of France. Still, we passed an agreeable night. As before they were very considerate. The G. C. it seems always gets up at sun rise wherever he is, so that disposed of him, & the Portuguese

left me alone for toilette. Afterwards I gave the Minister a chance to put on a clean shirt while I sate in the passage.

Chapter II. Paris to Surbiton.

Thus we reached Paris at 11 a.m, instead of 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ --indeed a more Christian hour. I bade farewell to my bag of worms, and as usual was off and out of the station in my cab with trunks on top while they were still wrastling.

Found all very nice and homelike at 13 rue d'Alger. A card from Philip who had gone about his business saying that B. F. Stevens was at the Lille et Albion next door, so to speak. I hastily put on a decent dress, flew to my Bath Places and had a delicious Bain de sou complet. Then to our Restaurant where I was received warmly, and learned that Messrs. my fiels et mon mari dined there the night before. This of course was B. F. Philip soon came in. We had a jolly meeting. Then I got a nap. At 5, B. F. and Agnes came along, and we all dined together----and went to the Circus! Pretty well for me? They wanted to, and I was "some" rested by that time, though not quite. I wanted to see it though. It was a representation of the Fair at Seville, with Spanish dancing, and a bogus bull-fight very funny. Real Bed very delightful.

It was now Thursday morning. I went out to get my ticket for the Havre steamer, and learned it was not going. I was in despair! I seldom allow myself to be so knocked off my perch. What to do I did not know, and Paris is of all places in the world the hardest to find out. The American Ex. is the home of Idiots. They didn't know when any steamer of any line sailed for anywhere. Suddenly I thought of B. F. Stevens. Flew to his hotel (we had appointed to lunch together later). Luckily he hadn't gone out;--had time tables & everything and arranged the plan I have carried out. As this implied leaving Paris the next morning, I tell you I had a day that Thursday. In fact the whole m'g was taken up with securing my passage etc. Lunched with B. F. & Agnes and bade them goodbye, they off for Antwerp at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ that p.m. Then at one I was free. Telegraphed you; then flew to Magazin du Louvre and grabbed a few last things. Scarce know what. Took a cab there, drove home & left bundle, took up there a trunk of John Johnston's which I had to convey to his Banker, Drexel in Boulevard Haussmann. Usual struggle with the Idiocy of Bankers. Then drove to the Salon! I felt I must do this for the sake of the constituents. You see Philip didn't yet know I had to change my plans, otherwise he would have gone with me to Salon. I gallopped through the miles of wall covered with acres of pictures. Brought away the Catalogue, to illustrate my career there. The Champs Elysees was perfect, Horsechestnuts in blossom, people swarming, soft warm haze over distance. In fact Paris seemed like an enchanting home to return to. Pretty tired, I came home & packed pretty much everything. Philip brought the faithful companions Hart and Mason, and we all dined once more, a sort of amends for the night I fled to Madrid leaving them at the table. Adrienne waited on us, and we had a jolly little evening. Philip and I talked rather late; next morning he had coffee with me; & I sent him off. Drove to Gare du Nord, and got away for Folkstone via Boulogne. It was a pleasant and resting day; rainy on the Chareuil, but I managed to keep on deck covered by tarpaulins of friendly British sailors. Strange to come into the practice of speaking HEnglish. I made friends with a very pleasant little American woman living in London; can't think who she is, Mrs. Pierre C.

Richards;--the C. stands for Codmans of Boston to whom her husband is allied.

At Charing Cross stood the faithful Petherick, commanded by Stevens; as I said to B. F.,--it was like embracing the Catholic Religion to accept his plan, as I had no further anxiety about anything. Petherick took everything in charge, trunks, tickets, etc. gave me English money, even went down with me to Surbiton. I only carried my small "Angel", leaving big trunks at Waterloo (Station).

This was 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ Friday evening. It was lovely to get to the Sheaves, Charlotte was so cordial, delighted to see me; nice hot dinner ready, and a fire! for it was cold as Greenland, & I, just from Grenada, shaking and shivering in my winter clothes. Their garden is just coming out, too sweet! Saturday we two breakfasted in Charlotte's Bed together! Dressed late & dawdled all day, saw no one but Whittinghams and didn't stir off the place, only wandering about garden and greenhouses, very pretty.

So now we come very comfortably to

Chapter III. Surbiton to "Elbe".

But as I have written this all on the stretch I will pull up & get ready for luncheon.

-----:-----
(Tuesday morning)

On Sunday morning, we took matters very easy. Anne the nice maid brought my tea in bed;--about 9, Mrs. Stevens & I had a breakfast of beefsteak & coffee. We dawdled about the garden cutting flowers for me to take, with Miss Jenny and Mrs. Ludwig (remember?) who is there, very tear-ful about Charles's kindness in America, and at 11 a.m. walked down to the pretty station where I bid farewell to Mrs. S. and little Harry (nephew) who was with us. My train was to leave London at 12.25, so it seemed ample time. This Surbiton train came along at 11.18. It proved a milk-train, i.e. stopping at many stations to take out great cans as big as a man in great numbers, so that instead of $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour we were ages reaching London, and at Vauxhall, the last stop before Waterloo, it was 12! I was getting very nervous, as there was lots to do;--but at arriving, the trusty Petherick stood at the door with a Porter who seized my things. We went up stairs and down stairs (you mustn't cross a track, even in that big station) found my large trunks, found the other train, did all the Red tape required by the Britons, and had time to breathe before starting. My new friend Mrs. Richards was there, "on her way to the Row", to bid me goodbye, with a bunch of primroses in her hand. She had been at the Meet at Some Place, breakfasted with Lady Dumbledore, heard lots of ridiculous stories about Mrs. John Bigelow and Buffalo Bill, who are over here, and was generally full of good spirits. It was a little hard to combine her with Petherick, his messages to Molly, and squaring my account. By the way your celebrated L 3 check was exactly the thing to hand over to him for my expenses in England. It not only did that, but squares my account with B. F. (for Bazaar etc.) so that I leave the country with 6 shillings to my credit and absolutely no bother in handling English money, except a few shillings for the way.

So after all my alarms, I slid out of the Waterloo station laden with flowers in a First Class carriage all to myself. That was a mail train to hit my steamer at Southampton. It stopped nowhere, just flowed through the land like a jet from a hydrant. The country was lovely, all blossoms and green. As we shot by a station I

saw the name Basingstoke, and a Ruin which Edward & I sketched there once! The train stops on the Dock as they call the wharf, & the Tender was ready. Tender tars handled my baggage, the few passengers assembled,--to be told--the Steamer would be in the Offing at 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ p.m. It was now about 3! We could go into the town if we liked, and a worthy Hotel Man who was hanging round took me in his clutch, and led me through a gate in a high wall to a street such as Fanny Price's parents may have lived in, but it was Sunday and I saw nothing of her father in his shirt-sleeves. He took me to a little German-English Hotel. Of course there must be grander places in the town. We went into a shabby house about like 6 Hamilton Place, with parlors and folding doors. In each parlour a square dining table, and a friendly maid told me what I could 'ave, viz: some soup, "a potato, Miss?" joint of mutton, cauliflower, tart, it was rhubarb! and Beer. While these were preparing, a hungry set of fellow passengers poured in, all men of all conceivable nations. A German Jew, a Scotch, an Italian, and an Englishman from Guernsey with a French son, sate at my table, the other was occupied by a noisy party of Americans. It was funny! The maids were upset by the influx which never happened before. So every one was cursing them;--but when the food came it was hot & good, and the conversation became general about jugged hares, frogs, and other food in vogue in various countries. These companions are all travelling on "pizness", as the Cherman Jew calls it. I got through first, and left them to take a walk in the town, but it was hot, dusty, Sunday, and I returned to the tender before 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, with 2 hours to wait, and absolutely no place but the settee running stiff round the deck. However, the shipping was pretty, the day growing pretty towards its end, various companions came along, and when we started, the steam down to the ship was very pretty, Isle of Wight, House Castle, Netley 'Ospital, etc. We came alongside our Big Ship about sunset. A man from Keller's, the London Office of the Northgerman Illoyds, by request of Stevens introduced me to the worthy German Captain, with a red face & white moustache. My room is perfect, and all to myself, & the service wonderful. The Joddes of course has at once marked me for her own. We had a late dinner served, as the others (from Bremen) were done. I found myself in the nest of noisy Americans--who are good of their kind,--but the noses of a few English were very high, perhaps with reason, as these men were coarse and slangy in their comments on the Queen whom they all saw Saturday as she was going to open the Peoples Palace at the East End. But my time was to come the next day at the first real meal. For lo! Ben Susan's name led all the rest and I was placed on the left hand of the Captain. I will now regard this letter as done, as I have brought myself up to time, although I dare say I shall write more later on. I have a delicious cold salt bath every morning, with a great big Bad-tuck. The coffee is good! brought me by Mrs. Zitting, who also unbuttons my boots; so far the sea is smooth, porthole open, no wraps needed on deck.

Always yours,
Susan.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Matunuck, R. I. June 4, 1887.

Well, my dear, great works going on here as you may conceive. I long to hear your adventures as well, & feel that mine will now pale before the wonders of Mount Desert. And by the way, don't worry if I don't write so much as you would like, for you know on Monday sharp I begin on Mexico, and must hold to it like a Dog to a Bone. Meanwhile have volumes to relate and always shall. It is too delicious here;--only thing, I long for repose and absolute laziness, even sleep, sleep, sleep, but plans & projects drive me to constant hard labour, beginning with emptying my trunks. The Bed in your room is strewed deep with my clothes past, present and to come, and the days are all too short to carry out my schemes. At first I roved from one window to another, merely gazing on the lovely familiar landscape, wet and dripping, but soft, warm, scented, and full of birds' songs. The house is in a rimmage, the carcasses of last year's wasps adorn every window--12 blue birds came down the parlor chimney, afterwards dying, so I have just removed their pretty but odorous forms to a remoter spot. I have taken up that carpet, and Jane is now wading about in the mud caused by her washing the floor beneath.

It rained sheets when I got to Kingston Wednesday at noon, but John was there with umbrella, & a team was soon ready to drive me over with small trunks.

Freddy P. and Joe Browning tore open the front door & lifted me in through the storm. Jane was lighting the fire. I took out Jander & sate him on the hearth; and soon the beefsteak I brought along was smoking on the kitchen coals. It all seemed splendid. Joe went over for the big trunks and groceries. Everything is now here & just as if I had always been here. Aunty seems well and bright. Other Weedens expected in a week, Mr. Weeden has taken the Post Office, & Johnny is to tend it through the summer. Jane seems remarkably well, & has gained a certain aplomb, a sort of Confidence which would amaze you. The place looks lovely, all in freshest bloom. "Rabetna's Ground" is really green, that grass I toiled over having sprouted really at last. Th'old Cat Ambrose looks glossy and distinguished. I took a long walk yesterday p.m. got ladies' slippers at a place I always suspected of them. Oh dear me! it is perfectly enchanting here. I am in that reaction we all know, of longing for laziness after a good deal of knocking round;--but I feel in a sort of hurry, because it's June and June is slipping by so--seems as if every moment ought to be utilized. # # # #

129 1/2

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Matunuck R. I. June 9, '87.
10 a.m.

Dear Luc,

Whatever else you read, don't get the later books of H. Rider Haggart (the "She" man). I never saw such stuff. Brought 2 of them down here, "Jess" and "Dawn", such murder and madness--such big dogs leaping on people and rolling with them in ponds, such lashing blue scars across heroines faces with horsewhips, I never beheld;--in short, rubbish. I have no clue to other English literature,--but think you will doubtless hear of it in your aesthetic circle at Bar Harbor. Did you read Mallock's "Old Order Changes" last fall? It is very clever, & provokes discussion, but is doubtless now too arriere for Mt. Desert. # # # # #

Today is my first real lovely day, we have had fog, and the moaning Horn, or else N. E. rain ever since I came. I so busy as not to mind much, but it is so delicious when it is nice here. This morning as I put on as usual my Paris double dressing-gown (by the way used to call them "double-gowns", Mrs. King & Mama didn't they!) I perceived it was warm! and after breakfast---on the piazza, with Jander sittin in the sun, yellow lilies & brown beech by my side, robins flapping in & out of their nest,--I hastened to get into that new (white) red spotted linen, and am now in that. It is 80° on the piazza, real hot, and good, what we like. To be sure the wind came round to the North just now while I was making a pudding in the kitchen so that when I came back to the Red Room all the letters were on the floor and the yellow lilies tumbled over & broke their necks--but the glass pitcher (picture) not smashed, wonderful,--but still it is real warm. Long may it last. # # # # #

I have taken up the parlor carpet, and Joe has put oil on the floor. It looks quite rich in colour, and I think with the rugs it will be cool and nice for summer. These works, and trying to write several hours a morning keep me pretty busy. Man comes with Red piazza chairs to sell. Thought of offering him a few of our old ones.

I hear nothing of the outside world, receive only the newspapers and (receipted) bills, besides masses of letters for Papa, but where he is or when coming, I know not. It obliges me to keep a Roasting piece of a Chicken always on tap, and that chronic state of expecting somebody at every train is irritating, but I'm so happy I can't growl much. # # # # #

Have had a bath every day in Hothouse, delicious, delicious,--the green here is enchanting, and all my grass & things round the house look lovely. Regards to Miss B. Amazing about all your proceedings. Much love from

Suse.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Olana, Nov. 7, 1887.

Dear Luc,

We have been diligently tending the Mexicans ever since I wrote last. They are sweet people, Mr. Robertson, the father of the family, a perfect Love, with a soft, low, gentleman's voice, and great modesty of manner,--perfectly self-possessed withal. It is rather up-hill work to keep the ball of conversation going, as there are so few topics in common, and you know Mexicans are even not used to the weather as a subject, seeing they always have the same. They have had every variety here, for when they arrived the distance was concealed in a soft thick mist, so it was as if we were living on an island. A howling wind in the night banged round everything, & in the morning the Catskills came out sharp & clear. We took them to drive, and their ears & noses will long remember that first touch of winter. They have a lovely place at home, Miraflores, but their long low picturesque house buried in flowers all the year don't compare of course with this Palace of Art, and they were much impressed. Mr. R. said with the simplicity of real high birth & position, "We have never seen such a large house as this."

I am about to drive with them to the station, & then I don't say but we shall draw a long breath. They are going by and by to Boston. # # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Matunuck, R. I.
Dec. 14, '87.
Wednesday evening.

Dear Luc,

I must grind out a few letters this evening, to be prompt at the Mill tomorrow dawn. I don't see the Daily at all. Did not have it down here this time, being well weaned out at the Church's. The only trouble is the deaths and marriages, and I had thought of asking you to cut them out daily, & send in a batch when you write. So I missed "Cassandra", you might send me that. I have the Prov. Journal and a new N. Y. paper I have set up; both deadly stupid. # # #

My perfect weather continues. I dined today on the side piazza looking down towards the Weeden's, where it was almost too hot. Warmed over duck and Indian pudding. Mrs. Cashman called this p.m.

You seem in doubt about the mail. I have told a number of people but perhaps not enough. It all goes wonderful. I walked up to father's----I did tell you all about it! Postman leaves the letters there, and when the wagon come for Jane in the evening, it brings them to me. I like this a great deal better than the summer feverish hanging round for the mail. I never see him go by, never think anything about him; but after my 5 o'clock tea sweetly settle down by fire and lamp to my budget of letters and papers. I shall leave what I write now on the kitchen table, & they will go back early tomorrow with the return wagon that brings Jane. Hand aches up to shoulder. Yours very happy, only tired of Book making.

Suse.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Matunuck, R. I.
Dec. 18, 1887.

Dear Luc,

I am getting on splendidly with Mexico, fairly turned the home corner, only 150 pages more to write, & those all in my head. I think it's pretty good. It will all be in a raw condition when I get to town, for I have not had any time to number pages (in real order) etc., and I want to burrow in library for a few things. It must be off the 8th Jan. I have written to Putnams so. So I shall fall to on it daily as soon as I get to Thorndike. But it's a great relief, and delightful to have my head so much better. I feel 10 years younger. The writing has been a great stress of anguish however. It has come over me that it is the longest book I've done, because before always Edward. However, that is compensated for by no worry about his part. With Spain, you know, some pressure on myself to get through, and his half stringing along another year really. Now if they'll only pay, for I'm at the bottom of my pile again.

I wish you could see Jane and Franklin at breakfast. She sits in a rock-chair which brings her rather low down, while he sits up very straight in a high chair, his wool towering up in a sort of peak. They eat at a corner of the ironing table, for the dinner table is covered with every utensil in the kitchen closet. Jane hasn't put away anything once since we came ('tis rather cold in the "buttery"); I don't meddle with her ways at all, being otherwise occupied. Water is brought in pails from the pond, but Jane loves to run and dip up some in some perfectly incongruous thing, an inkstand say, or the seive. (These are exaggerations). But she's very nice, and so happy with the hos, and I think enjoys being so far from her family. She is making sheets afternoons, for of course she has endless leisure. Not so will it be next week however! # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

32 Park Avenue,
Tuesday morning,
March 13, 1888.

My dear,

Such a time! The worst snow-storm ever known in New York not only within but beyond the memory of man. So says the only newspaper which has penetrated to us through the drifts. # # #

Your letter of Sunday ran the blockade with one other from Cambridge to Mrs. O. and we had them at dinner time last evening. No other mail got here after the early morning, no newspaper, no milk, no butcher; the door-bell rang but once all day & that was a note from a near neighbor. All day the storm was whirling and swooping about the house, and now the Avenue in front of us is literally impassable. # # # # #

But such a scene now. Great drifts like our Brookline House after that celebrated storm when the children spent the night.

Now, you know, Mrs. Osborn has a lunch today, and 60 ladies were to come at 12 and hear me read! They can't possibly all get here, and we are wondering who will dribble through. All the provisions come down from Garrisons, butter, cream, celery, hot-house flowers, etc., etc; not a thing has arrived or will arrive, as no train can enter New York from anywhere. Mrs. Lum, the cook, who lives round the corner, appeared at 7, her husband going before with a shovel to clear the way, and she sits below waiting for materials to cook with, and some idea of how many to cook for. The Boy from the provision store (wanting yesterday) got here just now, Mrs. Osborn told him to bring bread. Not a loaf in their store, and perhaps none in New York. Dan, our coloured Fullum, went out, and just as we were summoned to breakfast we saw him returning through a narrow breach in the snow followed by 4 stalwart men with shovels to clear away, and one newspaper the Times which was all he could lay hands on. Is it not exciting! I believe it must be very cold, for all the windows are so thickly coated with frost, I have to make a little hole to see out. Paper says that no cars, elevated or otherwise, were running anywhere, and all business & everything else suspended. I am wondering, if not worrying, about Papa Edward who was to preach in Burlington Sunday, and read here tonight, at Mr. Collyer's church, which is on the 2nd corner of this avenue from here. He can't get here possibly, I suppose, but then nobody will be to hear him. The Osborn's were to sail on Thursday, but Mr. O. thinks it impossible for the ship to get unloaded and loaded. I write this in no haste, as there is no prospect of its leaving the town at present; long to hear how Boston is behaving, but there is no report from the East in the paper. The view from the bath-room is very interesting, for there are to be seen the backs of the 35th St. Houses, at right angles to us. They have very pretty yards, with old fashioned (dutch) verandahs and steps down into them. One of these yards is now filled way up to the top with snow, and a man is walking round in a groove he has shovelled for himself all below the level, even the top of his head. # # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Sunday, Apr. 22, '88.
Matunuck, R. I.

Dear Luc,

I've been writing something for Housewife, (pretty good I think) so will but scrawl you a bit, the second steepings, as it were of my tea-leaves. And, may add, that I'm going to brace now, and finish up Priscilla and do some real writing every morning, so can't fool so much with letters, for these are an unending task, more I write them less the list diminishes. You will admit I've done well since I went to New York.

To revert to Housewife. I think it's pretty good, only such nasty paper & pictures. Cheap I suppose. I think the crying mistake in this & Good Housekeeping is this glut of Yankee stories in Yankee dialect; why write this for Yankees themselves? They can't understand why their speech is printed different from ours; because they pronounce our words in that way, catch my meaning? Jane for instance takes up Housewife and reads this

"Las' night all t'oncet hy'ar come sech a lick 'ginst the winder" etc., etc.

She don't think she pronounces like that. If she read it aloud printed right she would pronounce it her own way,--just the same.

If I in Priscilla (and James Lowell) write dialect, it is to amuse the educated; but in Housewife, meant for the Janes, I think it ridiculous, unkind even, and indeed, I think Mrs. Sherwood's views on etiquette are more the thing, or scenes of life in 32 Park Avenue, or Windsor Castle, for the Janes to enjoy.

Too much of this.

At last I have picked my own Mayflower, and lovely fun it was. But it is still so darned cold there is little pleasure in sitting on a damp stone and baring a red hand to the raw breeze to pull up the sweet shivering things. Jane is going to get what she can this afternoon, and if there is enough, and good, I will send some about amongst ye. # # # # #

We had a flurry of snow yesterday, hard bullets of sort of ice-cream for about five minutes. Thomas J. is sure it will be like the cold summer 52 years ago when no corn grew, on account of the two clipses that come in "Jewloi!"

Always yours,
Susan.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Sunday afternoon.
May 13, 1888.
Matunuck R. I.

Dear Luc,

Tis a pity you are not here now, for the hill under your room windows is all pedate violets, and sweet little anemones in amongst the bare bushes. I have just taken a brief walk round the summer-hus and ice-house, and bring back a sweet bunch of these, & besides it is so pretty to look down on them from my Fullum's room window, same as yours. Late Epigora is now quite plenty on our same hill, and a sweet little shad-blossom bush is coming into bud, close to the house on the first corner, with a clump of Mayflower under it all in blossom. Is it not sweet to have them so near.

This is the extent of my walk today, for I am dog-tired--finished Priscilla, my dear, this morning, the very last word; have read it over and leave it now for press. Isn't that splendid. It may be seen how even here I have been dogged during it, for it is just a month, by date, April 13th since I arrived, and to finish that has been my one stent. # # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Matunuck, R. I.
Sept. 19, 1888.

Dear Luc.

I will now give you an account of my strange day yesterday, It was to be the Great day of the Cattle Show, and Lizzie wanted to go. So did Joe, as he was going to race the white horse! so he wished to start early, not to fatigue that animal. Edward, that sweet creature, said he should like of all things to breakfast at 6. So we did. At 7 the team was at the door, Joe in his best coat which he laid off, and also his biled cuffs, to help Edward bring down his trunk which being large and full of books outdid any of the late feminine ones in heft. Joe's trowser was bust out a little in the leg, & I sewed it up for him on my knees as he resumed his cuffs. After endless waiting Lizzie came down dressed for the day in white cambric with a light pink sash. It was cold and lowering with the wind N. E. & every sign of the Equinoctial. I lent her my wadded wrap & water-proof, and they started off. It was terrible parting with Jack, for we have had an enchanting vie a deux lately, and who can say when it will be again! Clementina and I were left sole denizens of the hill, and the whole neighborhood paraded its emptiness by a strange stillness. Everybody was gone to the fair, even "mother",--that is Mrs. Browning, who had meant to stay at home. # # #

I buried myself and regrets in the kitchen, & found there plenty to do; put on lots of water to boil, and cleaned closets, washed accumulated dish-clothes and the like from seven till ten, with no interruption but a little genial intercourse concerning the swill-pail with Uncle George. I then saw the mailman going by, so strolled down to get my letters. As I approached, I saw Kenyon and Gus Larkin disconsolate on the stoop. Noone was there to do the mail! I luckily had taken our Key to the P. O. by way of precaution, so I opened the door for them, and conducted the ceremonies. These were but empty ones, for I had written no letters, and all the world was at the Fair. All the arriving mail was for me, as the Weeden's Journal didn't come.

Clementina and I then made my bed, and lay in it--for I was quite ready for a little repose. At 12, I rose and re-made the kitchen fire, & cooked my little dinner;--a charming tomato soup,--for I had boiled and strained the chicken bones, de l'antan, while washing dishes, and a little rechauffe de white-meat, with cucumbers, a pudding composed of the morning's johnny cake stewed in cream, & strawberry jam. It's such a nice thing about getting your own dinner that you don't have to have potatoes. When others prepare it, it is more trouble to persuade them you don't want any, than it is to eat them. Thus the day wore on. I dined in my cooking garment; but after dinner dressed myself with my accustomed richness. While thus engaged in my toilette I saw Ma Goodchild escorting a friend about the place; I accosted her from the window. "I'm a showing this woman abaout," said she. Twas Mrs. Sherman (daughter of Daddy Mitchell) now quite deaf & considerable blind. "She don't see much", said Ma G. in an aside which was yet not a whisper, as she was addressing me in the second story, "but she can look about some."--then yelling at the woman, who was meekly attempting some remarks, "Don't stop her (me), she'll ketch cold, she's dressin' herself, she's Naked." This was scarce the case as I was only lacking a waist, but it had the effect of removing my visitors.

C. and I then came down & sate sewing in the doorway. # # #
Lizzie got home much draggled, not wet though,--she is today entirely
done up with pale cheeks & blue lips. Joe's horse beat all the rest,
but was not allowed the prize of \$25. by a quibble in the way he en-
tered it. He got \$5. for it as the best saddle-horse! My affghan
is said to look glorious, being the only thing there of the kind.
#

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Matunuck, R. I.
Oct. 14, '88.

Dear Luc,

So now I am all cheerful again (only rather cold) and will resume the tale of the loaves.

Saturday was a splendid day, perfectly lovely, a bath of sunshine flowing in on my combination of gentians and witch-hazel blossoms. As Billy Weeden was coming, I ordered 3 loaves of bread to come back by the late Saturday mail-man, although there were 2 in the house, which was ample for me. In the mail that came, Billy wrote he wasn't coming, still I thought it very well to have the new bread for the Janviers.

I went a stupendous walk in the p.m., pursuing cloud-effects which were superb. Up on top of Broad hill, down and again over Peter Bradley's Crest, which I think our finest view, looking both ways, & so home round Long Pond touching on the top of Ingham Peak for the sunset. By this time all the beauty of the day had gone. There was no sunset, only dark & lowering clouds. I was pretty tired, & went to bed at 7½! (Quite a custom of mine of late. Lizzie goes at 7.)

Now, as my head touched the pillow, my hand against my cheek, that hand in the darkness touched Something black! I knew it was black, though not seeing it. A wasp! and it stang in me, in the back of my head right in the middle of my hair! I flew up, lighted a candle, ran to Fullum's room and applied ammonia, but it's hard to find the place in amongst the hair, and it hurt like fury. I returned to bed, after searching vainly for the wasp, and composed my fiery brain as best I might to sleep. I was just getting soothed off, when words seemed to say to me

That Bread.

The wind had now banged round to the North East and was rattling and shaking the house, while Rain pattered. I rose from bed, lighted my candle & stepped into my shoes, went down stairs & put on my wadded wrap that hangs there. My dear! there was a wasp in the sleeve and he stang me again! on the arm just below the vaccination place. I paused not for agony, but rushed into the night, and found sure enough 3 loaves down at the gap, brought them up, my night-skirts flapping the wind, and again proceeded to Fullum's Room to apply ammonia to a great swelled blotch. My head had by no means done hurting. There were no more wasps in bed, and I slept well till morning. When the Janviers came they brought another loaf of bread. End of this story.

I was just here interrupted by Mrs. G's Geese which came up on the piazza and stole an apple off the seat! All these things have made it amost mail-time, so I will cease. # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Chicago, Oct. 31st, '88.
1619 Indiana Avenue.

Dear Luc,

I feel like a very discursive letter about things I have heard, and little incidents, so will just give the heads of my events and then indulge myself. Today is one of calm, for I have no reading this evening, & therefore don't have to spend the morning in learning my novel, which I must each time for fear of forgetting something.

Saturday p.m. Mrs. Dudley had her reception here, & swarms of people introduced one after another. Many of their names even failed to stick, but many again were interesting. I wore my garnet gown (last year's) and looked very well. No men only ladies. Sunday Mr. Shortall took me to hear Prof. Loring, who has you know a great following here. The sermon was very eloquent, the manner drawling, movements gawky, hall crowded, & congregational singing fine. In p.m. Ned Chapin took me a great drive; I have written Annie Bursley about this. A very pleasant Mr. Hendricks came (dropped in) to tea that evening.

Monday morning I was taken to Marshall Field's great Store, the Chicago Bon Marche, not so large as that of course, but perhaps larger than R. H. White, and higher in tone than Macy's or O'Neill's in New York. I bought a few trifling things, as a black cord for my eye-glass, & some boot-lacings. People called (and do so at all intervals) and in the evening, we drove to the North Side for my 1st Reading. Mrs. Babcock, that hostess, is a charming woman (rather more a woman of the world than my hostess), her husband is a Doctor of fame, who is wholly blind with 2 glass eyes, touching, in his adroit triumph over his difficulty. The reading went off very well, although many people who had bought tickets were kept away by other things. They were somewhat cold, as if it were not right to laugh in the presence of a Boston woman, but Cecilia broke the ice at last. As soon as that was over we hurried off & drove down to a meeting of the Literary Club, (which was what drew off my audience). It is a man's Club which invites ladies only on the 5th Monday in Oct. so a great thing, and not to be missed. We came late, & the Paper was over, but Hendricks received us, and we were welcomed with great jollity, and swarms of men in dress-coats were presented to me. I like them very much, easy, cordial, bright, middleaged marrieds for the most part. Always strange beings are turning up connected with the past by some occult thread. My sweet Dan'l French's brother, Minot's friend Adams; Stone that married my pupil Miss Mandell, (she is very charming) he the great controller of the C. B. and Q. strike,--Shortall again, Drs. Smith and Johnson, Revs. Salter and Swing and Adams, all standing round & bringing ice-cream. It was very good fun. # # # # #

Tuesday, crammed Sir Charles for the evening; after lunch, Mrs. Dudley took me a great jaunt in a cable car seven miles down South and back. Home just in time to dress for 2nd Reading, here, in my new black silk, which is lovely, and very becoming. Do tell Miss Bolger the lace neck is a complete success. There were swarms of people here, & Mrs. D. is quite satisfied. Many the same as at the reception; Mark:--that the North Side & South Side are wholly separate audiences.

This brings the journal up to time, and now to discourse, if I can remember.

Miss Howe, aunt to your Bessie was at the Literary Club, much admired here, she made a few remarks. Very cordial indeed about you, and me on your account. She has since been swallowed up, but will reappear.

On Saturday I was waited on by Mrs. Dr. Smith to know would I go on from here to Omaha City, & read for their Creche, expenses etc. as here! I was dying to, of course, (24 hours from here, which is considered a trifle) but must not disappoint the Churches; so I refused, but Mrs. Smith now means to organize for some future time a tour, Cleveland, St. Louis, Omaha, etc. to aid their Charities, all along the line. Isn't that fun! # # #

Now let's see, what else do I want to say. Mrs. Glesner who appeared on the scene the very first day, is charming, and very devoted to me. She lives in a great Donjon-Castle built by Richardson, & finished by Charley Coolidge, very near here, and is one of the grand personages of the South Side. Her husband invented a Reaper which has cut out or reaped out the formerly celebrated McCormick's Reaper, so that McCormick is nowhere, although his house on the North Side is a Palace, but by no means so Richardson as hers. I am to lunch there (Glesner's) Saturday, & drive with her this p.m. You see I can have no dinners given me, as I read every single night, except today, & Sunday. This was rather stupid of my managers, but they didn't know my passion for dining.

Mrs. Murray Nelson, our next neighbor, & Papa's friend, is a rantipole jolly sort of woman. We see her much, & I'm to drive with her the minute I finish this.

Mrs. Wirt Dexter lives near by in a handsome house. She was at the Reception, but didn't come last night to the reading. # # #

Mrs. Nelson has a sweet open carriage, & the air was lovely, almost too hot, we merely drove about these long boulevards & avenues, glimpses of the Lake hard by, immense distances, all lined with Richardson, McKim or the like new houses set in their own grounds regardless of land being \$400. a foot. These palaces are like the Newport or Pier houses, with balconies, perrons, turrets, girouettes and the like, rather wearisome in their variety, a surfeit of architecture--a paradise for architects, I must try to warm a place for Berty here. # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Oct. 23, '88, Tuesday,
13 West 49th Street.

Dear Luc:

All, everything, of a worrying nature has now settled itself for the best, and I can sit and write you in perfect calm, awaiting the day and hour of starting for Chicago. # # #

We will now turn to the Female Q. That is an entirely different book you have. I have been through the whole thing. Mine is here all safe. The fact is all the libraries have mine, only they don't think to look for it in Mrs. Barbauld's edition of British Novelists in which it is Vols. 24, and 25. I had forgotten this myself, and that the copy I used before was that of Mrs. Edward Bangs. It was written by Charlotte Lennox, quite an important person, and is all English (not American) although she was born in New York. It isn't very good for my purpose but as it was written in 1742 is good and early in date, and will do well enough. It begins not on the banks of the Delaware but thus: "The Marquis of ---- for a long series of years, was the first & most distinguished favourite at Court:---"

Ms
I had Children of Abbey, cheap edition, all read and marked with much care; and left it in Joe's wagon at Kingston! So now have to buy another here in N. Y. and go it all over again to put in marks. I am perfectly gorged with fainting heroines and dark corridors and floating music and incomprehensible heroes, and only hope I may not get them all mixed up and relate the wrong adventure in each. # # # # #

And now go back in my adventures, for I haven't told anybody about closing up the house. Never has it been so thoroughly done, for I used to leave all to Jane. This time, Elisha, Franklin and Joe in turn did all they conceived best in the way of fastening up blinds, cellar doors, etc. I went thoroughly through closets with Lizzy, clearing out remnants of food which she & her mother bore off with them. The fire was out in the kitchen, and the stove all blacked with Polish to keep from rusting. I had my dinner of cold duck and cold baked quince at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ so that Lizzy could wash up the last plate, and go, which she did with her parent. George took the last swill, and I bolted the kitchen door on him. It was now only 11, and I sate (in the sun luckily) in the front door way, reading (as above) Children of the Abbey, trunks all locked, war paint on till one--sole alone in the swept and garnished house, flower vases, inkstands all emptied, not to freeze and crack. At one Joe came with the wagon, loaded it with trunks & me, then went inside and bolted the front door, ran through and out of the kitchen-door which he locked and put the key in his pocket, tied up the curving lattice door, and rejoined me in the wagon. Franklin has the key to the cellar and the dog-house key. The gap in the fence is nailed up, and the two gates shut & fastened. Thus is the place abandoned. Just then the mailman drove by with a dribbling of letters from Perryville. (Still none from Mrs. Dudley). Farewell to Uncle George & Mrs. G.child, and so off and away. The drive was lovely, the oaks beginning to be wondrous in rich sedate tints. At Kingston the World began. # # # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

1619 Indiana Avenue.
Saturday, 27th October, 1888.

Dear Luc,

Very amusing, comfortable voyage in the sleeper, which I will skip however, & come to yesterday morning when we slowly steamed into Chicago about 10 a.m., by this time, which is 11 by yours, so I had to turn my watch back an hour. I was considerable goose-flesh wondering who would meet me, and tried to look as much like a Boston woman as possible in order to be recognized. Mrs. Dudley was there, unmistakeable, as I was myself, and she placed me in a hansom, whereby we rattled through high warehoused streets to Michigan Avenue, a handsome boulevard bordering the lake, which looks like the ocean, with a regular horizon line, and sails and things on it. I should think we drove South about a mile along the shore, and then turned the corner into this street, this house being but a few doors away from Michigan Avenue. It is a new house, built not so very long ago by themselves, detached, sort of like a Longwood house, but in a great street with a block of stone houses opposite. # # # Mrs. D. most bright and cordial, brought me to bed at once, (no jest intended) and proposed tea, a warm bath & nap. These I readily accepted, and was refreshed when my trunks came to spring up & put them on & lunch at one; because Mrs. Glesner was to come for me at 2. She did, & I stepped into her carriage and was driven to a meeting of their Fortnightly Club, great fun. Tis a large body of 175 women, they have handsome low, aesthetic, carved, dadoed, portiered, chrysanthemummed rooms in the Art building on Michigan Avenue. There I was presented with flourish to swarms of women, some of whose names remain in my head. Many leaped upon me as the Peterkins, some as Family Flight, more as Papa's sister. Mrs. Donaldson read a very clever paper on Tolstoi, adverse to him, and after it, many pretty women, in fashionable raiment, rose up and contested her views, some of them expressed themselves remarkably well, others of course talking all round the lot. # # # There was tea and prattle after the essay, & then Mrs. G. drove me home, which was well as I was getting pretty sleepy. Mrs. Dudley was at the Club--but not with us! and I got home first and fell upon the bed; klirrrrrrrrrrrrr! the telephone, and the nice maid Ann came to say that Mr. Shortall would wait on me in 30 minutes. So I arose after a brief repose, and saw him. He is the nice man I thought of marrying whom John Marquand sent to me in Paris. Seems he lives right round the corner and is well known to the Dudleys. He is to give me a tea,--an agreeable widower, with a large house & lots of money. There was now great coming and going of people & telephones, telegraphs, messages, cabs, etc.,--which don't upset Mrs. Dudley at all, she is very nice, only she has always to be springing off somewhere. Three very pretty little girls and a boy baby are the family, and at dinner I saw Dr. Dudley, & at once proceeded to be absorbed in him. He loves to talk, and a listener, so here I am. #

I went to bed betimes, there is a bathroom next my room, and all is very new and pretty. I am writing in a large bay window overlooking the street, and it is a lovely mild sunny day. This morning the telephoning and bellowing have begun again, but we had a very pleasant though eccentric breakfast, Dr. Dudley full of talk. He is gone away now, and Mrs. D. is answering the telephone, picking

up children who have tumbled down stairs, directing the arrangement of rooms, etc.

For she has a Reception for me at 4 this p.m. The readings don't begin till Monday. When I can lay hands on one, I will send you the printed programme.

That is absolutely all, so far about Chicago; I am enjoying it greatly, just what I like, lots of new people and comfortable quarters. I feel well, and not dazed, nor overtired with the journey.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale

Nov. 11, 1888. Olana.

Dear Luc.

A sweet peace is now my portion after the fitful fever of Chicago;--I was so tired on arriving with the railroad after all the sustained strain of my readings, that yesterday I was most afraid I was going to be ill, bones ache, little feverish, and my old tooth aching; but it is perfect repose here, you know, and a splendid sleep last night has removed all these fears. I feel all right, and this bright breezy sunshine after a horrid dark pouring rainy day yesterday, makes me feel fine. # # #

It was refreshing to read of your comfort receiving the Election on your lounge; & I could well echo: "Perfect Bliss, or Susan." Isn't it really splendid! and how the mugwumps run to their holes like Rats. On the train I bought a surfeit of Newspapers. The Comm. Adv. which was so odious all summer, now hastens to change the subject. One thing is good; they all admit the election was a fair---the Herald (N. Y.) says it because they didn't have time after Cleveland's last message to explain the Tariff reform to New York Farmers. But enough of this, "Frances" will have "to pack her trunk", as a Chicago young woman was ardently hoping, and I hope Civil Service Reform will be initiated by a thorough turning out of every democrat from office.

To return to private affairs. It is sweet here; and certainly delicious to alight in a place where every possible object is not only pleasing but perfect for the eye. A good many changes in this palace since I was here last year, for all those Persian things are spread broadcast, every table, chair, windowseat, mantelpiece, exquisite in form & decoration. Yesterday we were in the clouds, not a glimpse of out-doors, but billows of mist, like the world emerging from chaos, only tips of pine trees peering out of the white blank, Mr. Church expecting Noah to arrive at any moment asking shelter for self and animals. But today the Catskills are gorgeous in light and heavy shadow. I am more disposed than usual to think well of them after the dead flatness of Illinois. # # # Mr. Church seems remarkably well. He is building a huge addition to the house which is going slowly; it will give him a Studio and make the house about twice as big. The outside wall is done. He (literally) himself superintended the placing of every stone in it, to be sure the effect of shape & colour was harmonious. This kept him out of mischief during the summer. No one is here now, but various friends expected. I have my usual room, full of luxuries, with sweet balcony all to myself. Must not spend so much time in it as usual, for I am to write for Mrs. C. and read aloud to them both. She has yet to learn to dictate, and we are to make a rule of writing thus every day. I am thankful to be of so much use. So much for Olana where I am safe housed for a month. # # #

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

1820 N. St., Washington, D.C.
Sunday morning, Jan. 6, '89.

Well now, my dear, I resume this pen-communication, and announce with pleasure that I still live, and am doing well, though the weather has turned vile. It was pouring yesterday as we entered the Capital, & has continued doing so ever since. Strange events have already happened as you may suppose.

As I set foot in the Sleeper, yet in the station, I was accosted by John Loring (old flame) who presented Sally Loring, coming by herself to Washington. She was very courteous, assumed a sort of hostess-ship of the car, & invited me to tea with her. She had the whole stateroom to herself, quite en princesse. We had each half a cold chicken & some preserved figs she is fond of. Also a glass of Marsala, from a bottle provided her by Alice Warren (127 Charles!) with whom she has just been staying. Sally Loring is very easy, very pleasant, growing immensely fat, which the Hobsons say is due to her eating too many of these sweet things, as the figs. We parted to wrastle each with the terrors of the night. The Sleeper was extra gorgeous, all becarved and beplushed, but very hot; however I slept well, waking to hear the shouting and bellowing caused by crossing the Hudson, equal to the row of descending the Cataract at Philae, then we glided quietly down the West shore, & I awoke next in the Philadelphia Station about 7 a.m. where we stopped half an hour. Porter brought me coffee, & let up the top-berth. By and by Miss Loring emerged, & breakfasted with me, on chicken-soup. A young lady (on my growing black in the face with one of my paroxysms), offered me a swig out of a bottle prepared by her mother for coughs. It was thorough wirt and molasses, Ruth Durfee's receipt, do you remember, which I used to take at Newport without any good results, then or now.

At the station was Mrs. Hobson, and eke Lotty Hopkins and her spouse, she departing now for New York where she is to be treated in a Hospital for weeks & weeks, but he remaining here, do you understand, and giving today, at their house a lunch for Mr. Blaine, at which I am chief guest. This was hard to grasp in the confusion of the arrivals, but we were off and away in a herdic, and Mrs. H. explaining this and many other things all in a breath, as we rattled along in the rain. She lives in a sweet house, not large but ample, with her niece Miss Susie--(name not yet caught by me) all by herself as it were, in the very thick of Society, gossip, gabble, engagements, intrigues. It is sort of like Miss Bryant in Paris, only this one has more go and less weight than the older lady. The day was quiet, in the pour of rain, and I kept pretty much to bed. A charming room with every appliance of luxury & comfort, a bathroom handy, and Hutchinson the maid at beck & call. Mrs. Hobson has an engagement list with all my projected doings on it, & I have nothing to do but carry them out when the time comes. I believe there is one evening disengaged as yet, during the week, but lunches, mornings, afternoons and dinners are otherwise already filled up. Emily Tuckerman came in p.m. for greetings, and to ask me to go to Unitarian church with her mother, but I thought it best to keep in, until the lunch at cousin Hopkins's. At 7½ very pretty little dinner here at a per-

fectly square table, only Mrs. Hobsen, Mr. Sam Ward (Mary Dorr's brother), me, John Bancroft, Harriet, and Kasson of Iowa, very agreeable man. Mrs. Hobsen looked very pretty in black lace with open neck. Harriet looked well, much improved in manner since Weimar. # # Mr. Bancroft rather silent, and Mr. Ward a little deaf. But Kasson and Mrs. H. carried off the talk very well. I am not yet in the swim enough to do much, must observe for a few days in order to catch the jargon. I wore my garnet gown, open at the throat. A well trained coloured person, Grant, is butler, & does very well. In the evening came Hopkins again, Sidney & Kitty Everett, Katy and her spouse (Johnny the) Miller, these all very chummy with Mrs. Hobsen, and cordial with me. You see I'm evidently sailing under Everett colours, which here still catch the popular breeze. It seems strange. Sidney is vieilli beaucoup. He is a genial sort. Kitty looks stout, English, blooming, regular Fay. They have 5 children, eldest 20 years. There was also a young couple Parsons, and an elderly gentleman, of a farouche ex-military air, pretty stout, who never got presented to me. Luckily I didn't inquire of anybody who he was, but kept my wonderment to myself; this increased as he stayed on and on; all the others left by eleven or after, lights were put out, he still remained. It then came to me, he is General Burdan, father of Bessie Crawford, and brother-in-law of my hostess, and he lives with us! only he never appears at our meals, because he prefers his Club. Excellent arrangement, why not?

It was thus a pleasant evening, I the centre of all, and sometimes talking to several at once. Plans are proposed for me by everyone, and Mrs. H. is in fine spirits as to the campaign. After the lunch today, we go to Mrs. Berry's where I am to do the Elixir, to look at the rooms and see about my little needs. Emily Tuckerman and Grace Kuhn (was a Cary) dine here, and then we all go to the Sam Ward's regular Sunday evening reception. Mrs. (Anna Barker) Ward pretty shakey will see me, her husband says.

So this is as far as I have got; and like my great prototype Harriet Byron, I will not further anticipate. Her methods are very fresh in thy mind, and I can't but consider them models of excellence.

I guess I shall pull through on the voice. Had a note from dear Dr. Bangs, and he told me to get sprayed here. It happens well (for me!) that the niece has a cough just like mine, and a doctor round the corner who sprays her, so we are to drop in there before each exercise, and get me sprayed. Moreover, he has given her a rattler of a medicine. Tar and asphalt-pavement combined, which has a fine effect on us both.

So no more at present but love & blessings from

Your
Suse.

To Miss Lucretia P. Hale.

Auf dem Lahn, S. S. 9
Friday, Feb. 15, 1888.

Dear Luc,

I begin this under conditions not altogether favorable from your point of view. It is snowing on deck, and slippery and wobbly, so no use being there. Anita, my little companion is not up, the stateroom is therefore unmade, dark and smelly, no use being there. There is, however a very good corner of the eating salon, and most all the breakfasts are over, so I have established myself here with a cushion at my back on that sofa that runs all round such places; my legs braced against the dinner-table, feet on the sofa, holding my ink in my left hand, and writing on my knees rather than lap. German waiters glide about & clear away the breakfast. Billy Weld has just gone off to try the deck, and all the rest of our party are still in their berths. But we have had a wonderful smooth trip so far, and no one (of us) has been sick! # # #

Our two staterooms are opposite on the little passage way, Nelly and her spouse in one, and Anita & I in the other. Billy Weld doesn't infest his much, so we always have the doors open & are very chummy. # # # My berth is very wide and comfortable, and everything is handy in the way of hooks, shelves, and little drawers. It's a mercy Anita is not sick as yet. She is very pretty & pleasing, and subservient, and we get along splendidly, doubtless shall all along. Nice stewardess. I have my cold salt bath every morning. I like Nelly (Mrs. Willy) very much. # # # Willy is just jolliness and sunshine. He loves the sea, is an old salt, watches the run and the barometer, and takes all reverses with philosophy. Pity he is deaf, it is hard to talk to him, but not enraging as with some deafs, he takes it so well. "Billy" Mercer, Mrs. Bigelow Lawrence's nephew, is just as described, ornamental and very well-bred. # # # To be sure he keeps his berth almost all the time I am up, so I can't judge yet, not because he is sick, but because he prefers to fly by night. We have with us (by chance only) Elliot Lee!--son of Harry,--who used to go to my school, class-mate of Billy Weld's,--very full of talk and lively easy good spirits, much of the old Lee manner at its best. We don't mix much with the other passengers, 'tis always thus with a large party; besides there really seems no one interesting on board, the list is all Solomons and Levis, and the noses are to match the list. Charms may develope later on, when the sick emerge. We have a table in a corner where we sit apart, Elliot next me, Billy opposite, Nelly not much appearing. Yesterday we passed the day in a row of ship-chairs, lashed to the deck. # # # I think we shall all get on charmingly together. Anita is remarkably nice and pretty. Nelly Weld sweet and sort of appealing, not being yet strong & well; the men all attentive, goodlooking, and agreeable in their separate ways. I guess we are regarded as lords of creation by the rest of the ship, by reason of our aloofness in the corner, our rugs, chairs, & general obeisance. We are making a fine run, 420 miles I believe, yesterday, and at this rate may get in Wednesday or Thursday, only a week, think how different from those early tubs of 12 or 13 days!

#